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Poetry.

"SI TU SAVAIS."

If you could guess how often through the day
I think of everything I've heard you say,
You'd care, perhaps, to make such memories
pleasant?
Perhaps you *might* * * * I fear you don't at
present!

If you could guess how your least word or look
I scan and study like some curious book,
You'd care, perhaps, to know you pained me
lately?
Perhaps you *might* repent * * * I doubt it
greatly!

If you could guess * * * but there! it may
be well
That what you can not guess I should not tell,
You'd care, perhaps, to learn my meaning
clearly?
Perhaps you *might* believe * * * I love you
dearly!

ONLY A SONG.

It was only a simple ballad,
Sung to a careless crowd;
There were none that knew the singer,
And few that heeded the song;
Yet the singer's voice was tuneless
And sweet as with love untold;
Surely those hearts were hardened
That it left so proud and cold.

She sang of the wondrous glory
That touches the weeds in spring;
Of the strange, soul-stirring voices
When the hills break forth and sing;
Of the happy bird's joy warbling
To regions of the skies;
And the quiet hush of the valleys
In the dusk of the gloaming days.

And one in a distant corner—
A woman worn with strife—
Heard in that song a message
From the sprout time of her life,
That forms arose up before her
From a mist of vanished years;
She sat in a happy blindness,
Her eyes were veiled in tears.

Then when the song was ended,
And hushed the last sweet tone,
The listener rose up quickly
And went on her way alone.
Once more to her life of labor
She passed, but her heart was strong,
And she prayed, "God bless the singer!
And oh, thank God for the song!"

Our Story Teller.

MYSELF AND SISTER.

CONCLUDED.

Marion rose from her knees and smoothed her dress carefully with her hands. "I did not mean to offend you," she said slowly. "I don't think your visit to aunt Hilda has improved you." And then she went down stairs and left me. Very many eyes out over the prospect had looked "with such pleasure" for every one I had anticipated a certain amount of pain in my home coming, but certainly I had not expected to be rebuked and disregarded.

I recalled carefully every word that had passed between Marion and me, and grew only more indignant under a strong sense of wrong. I had said nothing to offend her, and likewise certainly had been unkind.

"Perhaps she is angry that I am getting married before her!" I said, but dismissed the thought as contemptible. What could she care for that when she had refused to marry Lord Stelfox?

"Indeed! Is Lord Stelfox so rich?"

"Fifty thousand a year. Just as if you did not know, and you engaged to him!"

"I never was engaged to him."

"What a story! Aunt Hilda says you were, and so does Gilbert."

"They are mistaken." But if they were, what made her so white when she spoke about it?

It was a sweet September evening when Gilbert came to us. There was a full moon in the sky—not a breath of air was stirring, and everything was silent save the distant barking of a farmer's dog, or the land rail's shrill note that reverberated through all the circle of the valley.

I had gone out to the gate to meet him half an hour before he could possibly come, for the night was so sweet that I wished to fancy myself alone in it waiting for him.

The privet hedge that inclosed the garden cast a shadow black as ebony on the graveled walk, and the late roses looked chill and pale with the dew on their faces. I was so happy that I felt half afraid, and shivered a little as I heard the sound of approaching wheels.

He was driving, of course, but he alighted when he saw me, and we walked hand in hand up the short drive to the door.

Father came out into the hall to meet him, and as the two men shook hands I was proud of them both. The poor little elderly curate looked every inch as much a gentleman as the handsome, soldierly baronet.

Mother was in the drawing-room in her black silk dress and lace cap, resting for once. Gilbert looked down on her with a face full of emotion when I introduced him, and only that it would have been un-English I am sure that he would have kissed the hand she offered him. No doubt they were all stirred a good deal at this first meeting, but they fell to talking commonplaces, as people do, about his journey, and the weather; and then I slipped out of the room to look for Marion.

She was standing at the bedroom window looking out at the flood of moonlight that seemed to bathe the landscape in its serene tide. She wore a white dress, and in the faint light she looked very pale.

"Gilbert is here," I said.

"Yes, I saw you come up the drive with him."

"Then won't you come down to see him?"

"Certainly, I am quite ready."

"How grand you are?"

"In an old white muslin frock?"

"It isn't an old frock; it is your very newest."

"So it is, and one of the few dresses I never wore in London."

The light in the drawing-room was very faint when we entered it, but Gilbert saw us and rose to greet us. Though I knew it was needless, I introduced them, and Marion bowed in silence, which made every one feel constrained, and we were all uncomfortable till dinner was announced.

That put us more at our ease; and when once Marion had begun to talk she was perfectly brilliant. I had never heard her so witty or so amusing.

I could not help wondering if Gilbert found her much changed, for I noticed him looking at her curiously many times.

Of course I saw nothing of Gilbert alone that night; but next morning I was in the garden betimes. Possibly the knowledge that he was there before me had hastened my movements a little.

"I hope you like my people," I said, slipping my hand through his arm and trying to accommodate my pace to his."

"Very much, indeed."

"Are they what you expected?"

"I expected less than the reality."

"Do you find Marion much changed?"

"Yes."

"But she's beautiful still."

"More beautiful than ever, I think."

"I wish I looked like her. I should do more credit to your taste then."

"Beauty is not everything."

"So people say; but no one ever said that it was not a very great deal."

We went in to breakfast after a time, and that morning it was Marion's whim not to notice Gilbert; but he did not seem to mind much. He directed all his conversation to mother, and mother seemed to like him.

Father had several letters that morning, and mother had one from Aunt Hilda; but Gilbert had none, nor was there any recognizable reason why he should say as soon as soon as we were alone: "I think I shall go back to town to-day, Lucy."

"To-day?" I echoed, blankly.

"Yes. I shall speak to your father as soon as I can make an opportunity, and then there will be nothing to detain me further."

"Then you wish to leave?"

"I don't wish it, Lucy, but I think I ought to leave."

"Well, just as you like."

He had been standing by the hearth, but now he came over beside me and put his arm around me.

"Instead of staying here with you, I want you to come and stay with me as soon as ever you can. Lucy, when will you be my wife?"

"Oh, I don't know; I have not thought of that."

"Then think of it now—this is September. Shall we say the first week in October?"

"Three weeks off?"

"Yes, why not? You don't want any paraphernalia or display."

"Oh, no; I should like to be married quite quietly, though Aunt Hilda has determined on a great wedding for me."

"Do you know what I have been wondering since I came here, Lucy?"

"No; what is it?"

"It was about your Aunt Hilda. But it is of no consequence."

"Oh, yes, it is! You must tell me."

"Well, I was wondering whether she is a malignant witch or a good woman."

"Oh, you rude man! How can you say such a horrid thing?"

"I did not say it; I only thought it."

"Well, you may make up your mind that she is a very good woman, since she introduced me to you."

"Poor little Lucy! How grateful you are for small mercies! But you have not answered my question. Will you marry me in a month?"

"I suppose it will be very undignified to consent, but if it will make you happy—yes."

We talked of many things after this, in a practical and sensible way, as though we were already old married people; and when we heard father's voice in the hall Gilbert went out to speak with him, and I ran upstairs to tell the latest turn of affairs to Marion.

She was in the room we called the workroom, and she was hard at work on an old sheet, turning the stout part to the center.

I sat down opposite her idly, my face between my hands, and my elbows on the table.

I wanted her to say something that would encourage me to tell my tale; but she did not utter a single word nor lift her eyes from what she was doing.

"Why don't you talk to me?" I asked petulantly; "you won't have me to talk to long. Gilbert and I are to be married in October."

"I hope you will be very happy."

"I think we are sure to be. Don't you like him?"

"He seems a very charming man."

There was nothing more to be got out of her, so I went down stairs, and she remained in the work-room all day. But whatever she was doing she was not sewing, for I found her needle sticking in the very same spot of iron mold that I had noticed when I went in the morning.

Gilbert remained till the end of the week, as he had promised; but somehow the days were not so full of happiness as I had anticipated. Perhaps I saw less of him than I had hoped, for he became very friendly with the boys, and took long walks with them daily. I don't know that I should have noticed this but for Chrissie, who was always saying that she hoped when she got a lover he would not show an obvious preference for any company rather than hers; but Chrissie always noticed what nobody else saw, and had a most unpleasant way of speaking her mind.

I think it was as much to show my contempt for Chrissie's insinuations as from any other motive that I pretended a lot of private business about this time. Of course, there was always sewing to do, and Aunt Hilda insisted on a letter from me every week; and, therefore, I made these things into imperative claims, and would take my needlework and writing materials down to the summer-house and sit there by myself, often half the afternoon. Perhaps I hoped that Gilbert would inquire after me and join me; and so he did sometimes, and then we talked together, though I don't think it was lovers' talk. Yet I don't know why I should say that, for what can lovers find more delightful to discuss than where they will go on their honeymoon, and how they will spend their time after they are married?

I don't know that I was discontented, and yet I don't think that I was perfectly happy as I sat stitching away preoccupiedly beneath the shelter of the overgrown shrubs that half hid the entrance to the summer house.

The little stream that purled past under cover of the long grass was singing away most merrily, and pair of chaffinches were musically discussing some ripe berries in the hedge. In the distance Marion and Gilbert were sauntering in the sunlight, and as my glance fell on them, I asked myself if there were many men and women in the world half as goodly to look on.

They seemed to have unbent towards each other in the last day or two, and I was glad of that, and gave them every opportunity of becoming friends.

They had been walking on the terrace beneath the windows, and some of these were open, and the soft breeze stirred the muslin curtains a little as they passed.

I thought they were coming to look for me; but no doubt they were only suspicious of eaves-droppers, and turned half unconsciously and crossed the lawn, for they were walking slowly, and before they reached me they turned again and went in the opposite direction. But our garden was not over spacious, and after a time they came towards me, and snatches of their talk reached me.

"It will do no harm to make me understand now, and I should like to know what you meant," Gilbert was saying.

I could not hear her answer, and when they turned and came back again, this time a little nearer, it was he who was speaking.

"How was it possible to imagine that you cared then, or would have remembered still? Oh, Marion, Marion! what can I do or say?"

"You can neither do or say anything, and I think it is rather insolent of you, Sir Gilbert, to assume that anything you could possibly say would be of the slightest consequence to me."

His answer was lost this time; but after a little I caught her words again.

"I don't think you have any one to blame but yourself, if that affords you any consolation. As to blaming Aunt Hilda, I don't see the good of that. She wanted me to marry Lord Stelfox, and she did not want me to marry you, and, from her point of view, that was quite right."

"But she told me you were engaged to him, and I was not satisfied with that, I asked you if it was true, and you said yes."

"Which was a very poor joke to make with a person as literal as yourself. But you see I hardly took you seriously, seeing that it was but a few little hours since I had promised to be true to you for a lifetime if necessary."

"But the promise was such a desperately foolish one for you that I was only too ready to doubt that you meant it," he said with a groan.

"But you see I meant it. However, that is not of any consequence now. If you make Lucy happy, I shall be quite satisfied that things are as they are."

Once again they passed out of hearing, and again came back, and Marion was speaking coldly and firmly:

"I forbid you ever to refer to this matter again. You are my sister's lover now, and except in that capacity, not of the slightest interest to me."

"I shall remember," he answered gravely.

I don't know how long I sat there gazing straight before me blankly; perhaps an hour, perhaps only a few minutes.

Now that I realized the truth, that Marion and Gilbert had been lovers once, were lovers still in all but name, I seemed to have known it always, and in a helpless way to have been waiting for the blow which had just fallen. But that rendered it none the less cruel.

Why should I be always the defeated one? Why should Marion's lovers always trample over my heart to reach her? Had I been more of a heroine I would not have remembered at that moment that this was not the first occasion on which Marion had wounded me cruelly: but I was not a heroine, and in a paroxysm of wrath, and rage, and misery, I thought both of Gilbert and Mr. Drew. What had I done to her? Why must she always embitter life for me?

And then to talk as she has done, so cruelly and boldly within my hearing, not thing of me and not caring! Oh, life was unjust, and men and women were cruel! What had I done to deserve such pain and shame—I, of all people in the world?

I fell prostrate to the ground, and hid my face from the daylight, and found no words for my despair.

"Lucy, what in the world are you doing? We have been looking for you everywhere."

It was Marion who spoke, and I lifted my white face, and looked at her with my miserable, swollen eyes.

"What is the matter?" she asked in an awed voice, though I knew in a moment that she understood.

I rose and pushed my hair back from my aching temples, and then I went towards the door where she was standing, and said huskily, "Come."

Without a word she turned and followed me across the turf.

Gilbert was standing by the hearth when we entered the drawing-room, and hearing us he turned.

"Take her," I said, pointing to my sister, and each word came broken by a sob; "she was yours before I was;" and then I turned my face away, and burst into heart-broken weeping.

It was very undignified, and the last thing in the world that I should have wished to do; but for that I think I bore myself as bravely as they did.

Marion's eyes were downcast, and she she could not utter a word, while if ever a man looked overwhelmed Gilbert did then.

"Can you forgive me?" he asked at last.

"Oh, yes, of course, I forgive you; but what was the use of making me your scapegoat? Could you not have loved Marion and left me alone? What had I ever done to you?"

"I meant to make you happy if I could; believe that at any rate," he said in an odd, hushed voice.

"Happy, with your heart in my sister's keeping, and you always acting a part! Well, I am very inferior, certainly; but I think I have a right to something more than that."

"He thought he loved you—indeed he did love you," Marion said pleadingly.

But I turned on her furiously. "Don't dare to take his part—don't dare to speak to me," I cried, and then I fled from their sight.

Gilbert got away as soon as he could, and I don't think a single word more passed between him and Marion. Three days later a letter came for father, in which Gilbert tried his best to explain matters. It was a letter that must have cost him tortures to write, and I was acutely sorry for him as I read it. Of course he professed unbounded veneration for me; but he made no secret of the fact that he loved Marion, and he contritely asked father's pardon for all the trouble he had caused in his family.

Father's head shook a little as he read the letter. These last days had told on him like so many years.

"May I see what Sir Gilbert says?" I asked, extending my hand for the letter.

"He says nothing. What can he say?" but he gave me the letter nevertheless Then he rose and left the room and Marion followed him. He went into the library and sat down dejectedly in his worn arm-chair and Marion fell at his feet. "Don't be hard on me," she said through her sobs, "I feel like Cain already; don't make me feel like Cain and Abel too."

"This is a dreadful thing," father said tremulously.

"Yes; do you think I do not realize better than any one how dreadful it is?"

"I suppose you will marry Sir Gilbert?" after a dreary pause.

"I suppose I shall ultimately; but oh, father! all the joy is quite out of it now. If Lucy had only cared for him, it would have been bad enough; but to think that he actually asked her to marry him, that they have been engaged for weeks, and that—oh, how could I be so base as to take him from her?"

"Why did he ask her? I can't understand that," father said fretfully.

It was all Aunt Hilda's doing. She was always angry with Gilbert and me. Angry with him because she fancied he stood between her and her pet plan of getting me well married, angry with me because I would not go back with her when she wanted me. She had cut Gilbert long ago, but when he came into his title she took him up again. I don't know what she meant by it, perhaps nothing at the first—but Lucy was there, and aunt is an inveterate matchmaker, and I suppose she saw her way to punish me for not being there also."

"But Sir Gilbert should not have been a mere tool in the hands of your Aunt Hilda," father answered severely.

"No, he should not; but if we never made mistakes, there would be less pain in the world. And you must not be too hard on him; he really was fond of Lucy, and meant to make her happy, and only for the unfortunate mistake of his coming here, all would have been well. But the chief fault is mine; I should have gone away when I knew he was coming—only that I had no place to go to."

I suppose things did not look quite so black when father and Marion had talked them over, nor every one so culpable, for father wrote to Gilbert that evening, and his letter was friendly, if a little stiff and cold. It was unfortunate that Sir Gilbert had mistaken his feelings for me, he said, but since I was willing to accept the fact of the mistake and forgive it, he thought we might all be very good friends in the future.

In another week a cautious letter came for Marion. Would she say and think kindly of the writer, and, when she thought he had been punished enough for all the mistakes he had made, would she write and say she forgave him? Till then he would manifest his sense of guilt by his patience.

Marion took several days to ponder her reply, but when she did write, her letter was frank and kind. She was very sorry for him, very sorry sometimes, and a little sorry for herself; but she did not think anything that had gone wrong could be rectified by childishness and pretense. She loved him as much as she had ever done, and when time had taken the edge off every one's pain, she would be his wife; but till then she thought it was better that he and she should seem to forget each other.

Gilbert accepted her opinion and went abroad, and it was not till a year after that he and she were married quietly in the parish church at Mudford, father officiating, and Chrissie acting as solitary bridesmaid. I was much interested in one of the pews near the altar, and I thought it a sad little ceremony, as sad as many a funeral.

Aunt Hilda came to see us after the wedding, and said many severe things of both bride and bridegroom, and sneered at me because I had been poor spirited enough to let Gilbert go when I had won him, but when she asked me to go back with her again and see if there were not better men than Gilbert Leslie to be had for the seeking, I showed her that I was not so meek as she had thought.

"I never was happy in your house, and I never wish to see it again," I said. "And as to your kindness in taking up mother's children one after the other, to make them eat humble pie and obey you, I don't think it any kindness, but just a solace to your conscience."

"And why should my conscience suffer?" Aunt Hilda asked with her slight cold smile.

"Oh, people like to feel themselves beneficent, and it is easier to patronize mother that way than to naive your fortune with her, as you ought."

Aunt Hilda shrugged her shoulders, said it was wasted kindness to try to serve me, and ignored me during the remainder of her visit. And after she had left, mother scolded me for trying to alienate the only one of her family who had been kind to her.

Mother was dreadfully afraid that Aunt Hilda was offended past recall, so that when she wrote at the beginning of the following season, and offered to take Chrissie up to town and bring her out, mother was overwhelmed with gratitude. It is wonderful to me how these obstinate, independent people manage to coerce the judgment of others.

Chrissie went, of course, and now the society papers have it that "Lord Stelfox will shortly lead to the altar the beautiful granddaughter of the late Lord Hurst." We have not, however, had any private confirmation of this bit of gossip, and have not, accepted it yet.

Shortly after Marion's marriage father was offered the beautiful living of Maplewood, which, of course, he accepted thankfully, and after we had been installed there some time Marion came to pay us a visit.

She is happy now, there is no doubt of that; and if she talked little of Gilbert and their life together, that was only to spare my feelings, I knew.

It was during her stay that Mr. Drew paid us his third visit, and he was so brotherly with both of us, that she presently said something, and after he had gone she took me aside and said: "I want you to tell me, Lucy, that you are going to make that good man happy."

And I said: "It is dreadfully commonplace of me, I know, and if I were a heroine such a thing would be impossible; but, not being a heroine, I suppose I may as well admit that in the spring I am going to marry Mr. Drew."

A VENTURESOME RIDE.

A Lady Takes a Trip on a Locomotive Pilot.

"It is an awful thing to do!" I hear a voice say, as the little group lean forward; and for a moment I feel a thrill that is very like fear; but it is gone at once, and I can think of nothing but the novelty, the excitement, and the fun of this mad ride in glorious sunshine and intoxicating air, with magnificent mountains before and around me, their lofty peaks smiling down on us, and never a frown on their grand faces.

The pace quickens gradually, surely, swiftly, and then we are rushing up to the summit. We soon stand on the "Great Divide"—5,300 feet above sea-level—between the two great oceans. As we pass, Mr. E—— by a gesture, points out a small river (called Bath Creek, I think) which, issuing from a lake on the narrow summit-ridge, winds near the track. I look, and lo! the water, flowing eastward towards the Atlantic side, turns in a moment as the Divide is passed, and pours westward down the Pacific slope.

Many tunnels lie in our way as we rush by them, and during a halt I am told one of the tunnels is "wet." This being interpreted means that the arched roof is full of springs, which pour on the train as it passes. An umbrella and waterproof are therefore necessary for me—now sole occupant of the cowcatcher; and with praiseworthy economy I take off my hat, tuck it safely under my wraps and prepare to encounter the "wet" tunnel thus equipped. We plunge into a few moments' darkness, are mightily splashed and dripping on every side; and as we emerge into sunlight again and stop just beyond the tunnel, I see a party of young English sportsmen standing near the roadside. They have evidently just climbed the bank, guns in hand, leaving a large canoe with two Indian paddlers on the lake below. Fine, tall, young fellows they are, in sporting attire, somewhat the worse for long travel, but very conventional in style notwithstanding. Just imagine the feelings with which these well-regulated young men beheld a lady, bareheaded and with an umbrella, seated in front of an engine at the mouth of a tunnel in the Gold Range of British Columbia! I am sorely afraid I laughed outright at the blank amazement of their rosy faces and longed to tell them what fun it was; but not being "introduced, you know," I contented myself with acknowledging their presence by a solemn little bow—which was quite irresistible under the circumstances.

A somewhat similar incident occurred next day during our journey in the valley of the Frazer river. The special stopped at a station where a mule train was just starting for some distant gold mines, laden with miners' supplies. It was very interesting to see the sturdy animals all packed and ready, standing in regular order, with long lines of them curved round from their driver, which was instantly obeyed, all filing along at equal distances with the air of quadrupeds of superior intelligence, who had made up their minds to avoid hurry or confusion. It chanced to be one of our halts at tea-time, and, as usual, my cup of tea and slice of bread-and-butter were brought to the buffer-beam. I had just been presented with two large bouquets which lay in my lap. While I leisurely sipped my tea, there appeared before me a very thin, tall, melancholy looking American, having something to do with the pack train now slowly winding off through the mountains. Never shall I forget the expression of that man's face as he steadily regarded me, seated composedly on the cowcatcher, surrounded with flowers, a plate of bread-and-butter on a camp-stool box near by, taking afternoon tea. To remain silent was impossible.

"Good evening," I said.

The man nodded and drew a long breath.

"Have you come far?" he asked after a long pause.

"From the other side of the Rockies," I answered carelessly as if speaking of a stroll round a village—"three hundred miles or so."

"Did you come that way down the Thompson?" he next asked, a little anxiously.

"O yes—and I am going to the sea."

"You ain't afraid, likely?" he continued, looking more melancholy than ever.

"Not at all."

"Now look here," he said, pausing between each word, "it's real dangerous. I would not do this thing for a lot of money!" Then, thrusting his hands into his pockets with a civil, "Good evening, Missis," he disappeared round the engine.—*Lady Macdonald.*

Bathing Will Not Do It All.

An expert talks to a reporter of the New York *World* as follows: The reason why our women have such bad skins is because they are not cleanly. The Egyptians were the healthiest people ever known, and this was because they were the cleanest. Read the descriptions and pictures of Herodotus if you think I am an Egyptian crank. The cleanest woman in New York would have been thrust out of Egyptian society. The woman who took only one bath a day would have been looked upon as we regard one who washes but once a year. Linen was never worn the second time without washing. Once my mother fainted in Alexandria after many times daily and night and morning used the 'bath of Isis.' They had a regular day each week for medical treatment, and with all Egyptian, devoted three days in each month to purgatives and kindred medicines to keep clean the inside as well as the outside of their bodies, so that had there been no 'bath of Isis,' they would not have failed to have had beautiful complexions. This 'bath' merely gave their skin the satin touch and velvet softness. Their perfect health did the rest. With perfect health alone their hide might have been as rough and coarse as that of a hippopotamous, but no 'bath' ever made will bleach the yellow face of a person suffering from jaundice, or remove the pimples that come from constitutional weakness and the breaking up of cellular tissue."

At the Social.

They were playing an old fashioned game and having just the best kind of a time, when just as pretty Miss Tatting cried out, "Button, button, who's got the button!" old Marriedman cast a gloom over the game by drawing a nail from his pocket and saying, "Here it is."—*Burdette.*

Dress Reform.

"How styles have changed since I was a girl," said an old lady. "When I was young we used to wear our dresses up to the neck, and gloves with only one button. Now they wear the gloves up to the neck and only one button on the dress."

Humor.

THE WHITNEY BABY.

Rose Elizabeth Pays an Imaginary Call on the Nurseling.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland called to see Mrs. Secretary Whitney's new baby, when she was in Washington, and she thought it her duty to talk to the infant. So after the usual greeting she asked:

"My dear Mrs. Whitney, will you kindly permit me to take your progeny in my arms?"

"Why, of course," replied the happy mother.

Rose Elizabeth took the child much as she would be likely to take hold of a dynamite cartridge. After she had arranged it to her satisfaction she gazed into its face and observed:

"You are a remarkably handsome specimen of infantile humanity."

The specimen looked at Rose in blank amazement.

"Great pulchritude is noticeable in your optical organs," Rose continued.

The mystified look on baby's face deepened.

"You are a saccharinous child."

At this the baby began to be really frightened, and made an attempt to jump into her mother's arms. Miss Cleveland held her tight, though, and said:

"I fear she does not yet comprehend the vernacular."

This was more than baby could stand, and she set up a series of lusty "boo-hoos" which soon caused Rose to surrender her to her mother, with the observation:

"She seems to be apprehensive of corporeal injury."

"She hasn't seen many people yet, and it's a little strange for her," apologized Mrs. Whitney. Then she turned to the baby, who was nestling in her arms, still eyeing Rose Elizabeth with suspicion, and added:

"Ze lady wouldn't hurt mamma's ittle dirlie, would s'e?"

"I presume," said Rose, not knowing what else to say, "that the period of dentition has not yet arrived."

"O dear, no," replied Mrs. Whitney; "baby hasn't begun to teeth yet."

"Well, I think I must take my departure now, if you will permit me to kiss the child."

Mrs. Whitney was willing, but baby positively refused to be kissed, and Miss Cleveland departed.

After the door was closed Mrs. Whitney was heard to remark to the baby:

"Did 'oo [kiss] bad 'oman scare [kiss] my [kiss] ittle tootsy [kiss] wootsy? Hippety pippety, pippety pop!" [kiss]—*Tid-Bits.*

He Gave the Bride Carte Blanche and He Stood the Expense.

A gawky young man and a shy, "hangback" girl, walking arm in arm, attracted much attention as they walked along the street. The young fellow had told a hotel clerk that he lived near Caney Fork and that he was on his bridal tour.

"Lou," said the husband, stepping near a fruit stand, "order what yer apertite is er cravin' an' blamed ef I don't pay for it."

The wife selected an orange, and the husband, as he handed over a nickel in payment, said: "Oh, when I go on a spree in this sort I never let expenses skeer me off, Pedler," nodding at the fruit dealer, "this is my wife an' you bet I'll stan' by her. Whupped in er head uv er feller that had con'ted her six years an' jes inchu'ly tuck her away from him. Lou, order what yer appetite is er cravin' an' blamed ef I don't pay fur it."

She took a nickel's worth of candy, and, as her husband handed over the amount, said: "Oh, it ain't often in er man's life that he gets on sich er slechin 'round spell ez this. Lou, I'm with you an' I want yer to un'erstan' that I iam down the cash fur anything yer order. If yer'd married Andy Buckner yer wouldn't 'a' found him here with your mouth waterin' for things. Lou, I'm yore husband, ain't I?"

"Yes, Dan."

"Then order what yer appetite is cravin'."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Highly Flattering Comparison.

Children are very sympathetic. There's one quite young who's got an aunt whom she loves very dearly, but the child does not understand everything. She is not married single, but she does not hope to be so long, although judging by the child's remarks the position of wife is likely to be a very trying one. The gentleman who is the object of fluttering interest has been in the habit of making long and frequent calls. These calls the child has studied with some regard to the aunt she adores. The last one the child assisted at ended abruptly.

"Aunty," she said sadly, "which would you rather do, talk to Mr. Jones or go to a funeral?"

Mr. Jones felt like making a subject for a funeral right then.

All He Wanted Was a Chance.

A lady returning home on an ocean steamer was much amused at the flirtation of the steamer surgeon and one of the passengers. One day, when the breeze wafted strongly in her direction, these words were borne to her from the loving couple:

"It's so chilly," said the young lady; "I feel as if a goose were walking over my grave."

"Do you?" asked the surgeon tenderly. "I wish I was that goose."

Unpleasant for the Elder Feline.

"Mamma, how did it happen that me and little brother Sam wasn't kittens?" asked little Johnnie at the table the other morning.

"Why, Johnnie, what made you think of such a thing?"

"Why, when pa talks to the nurse about you he calls you the old cat."

The above conversation is the sole cause of Johnnie's ma's visit to her folks, and of Johnnie's singular dislike to a sitting posture.—*Merchant Traveler.*

An Admission.

"Fannie," said a Washington mother to her pretty daughter, "didn't I hear Frank kiss you last night when he went away?"

"No, m'am, you did not," replied the daughter indignantly.

"No?" said the mother, suspiciously.

"No, you didn't; because Frank shut the parlor door before—"

Then the girl stopped and blushed and blushed again, and made a rush for her own room.

Teddy's Idea.

Teddy's papa always gets his "shaves" at the barber's shop in town, and so the little boy never happened to see the operation of shaving gone through with, until grandpa shaved himself; and Tetty watched him for the first time with wide-open brown eyes.

All at once he cried out:

"O mamma! mamma! gram'pa's brushing frosting all over his face."—*Youth's Companion.*

Another One by Travers.

On one occasion, at a great public dinner, A. T. Stewart was called on for a speech. Mr. Travers and a party of friends continued laughing and talking after the great merchant was on his feet. The chairman rapped loudly for order, when Mr. Travers, looking around and seeing Mr. Stewart and hearing the rapping, exclaimed in a shrill voice:

"C-c-cash!"—*New York World.*

After the Honeymoon.

Two young wives are talking of their husbands.

"You can't imagine," said one, "what a stupid blockhead Charles is!"

"And Henry?" ejaculated the other. "Why, his head must be made of wood, or something harder, for plates and dishes break on it with as little difficulty as the sea upon a rock!"—*From the French.*

How He Would be Entered.

"You will want to enter something for the county fair, I suppose, Mr. Hayseed?" said the chairman of the agricultural society.

"Waal, yes," replied Mr. Hayseed; "you kin put me down for the biggest hog in the county."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Small Boy Equal to the Occasion.

Teacher—You must not come to school any more, Tommy, until your mother has recovered from the measles.

Tommy—There ain't a bit of danger. She ain't going to give me the small-pox.

"Why, how is that?"

"She is my stepmother."—*Texas Siftings.*

She Reported Their Answer.

Mistress (to servant—Did you tell those ladies at the door that I was not at home?

Servant—Yes, mum.

Mistress—What did they say?

Servant—How fortinit!—*N. Y. Sun.*

Miscellany.

A YOUNG PATRIOT.

An Adventurous Climb to Nail Fast the Flag.

You have set the fashion of telling home war stories, and I have one to offer you that I am quite sure has never been in print before. Its scene was a village in the town of Sandwich, where they happened to have a considerable number of copperheads. The mass of the people there were intensely loyal, perhaps all the more so on account of the presence of these opponents of the war, and the copperheads had frequent occasion to make certain outward signs of loyalty, even if they did not feel the sentiment inwardly.

"'Hang out your flag to-night,' a man would say to another, as he passed by a shop door.

"'I don't see any reason why I should hang out my flag,' the man in the shop would say.

"'Hang out your flag to-night, just the same,' the other would say again

"'But I ain't got any flag, anyway.'

"'Hang out your flag to-night!' the word came again; and the man who had served the notice passed on quietly.

"Nine times out of ten the flag would be hung out.

"Every town had a liberty pole then, upon which the Union flag was kept flying, often day and night. The liberty pole at Sandwich was very lofty, and was in two pieces, with small cleats or foot-pieces nailed on so that it might might be climbed in case of need. At the top of the lower section of the pole, where it joined the topmost piece, there was a cross-tree. The rope when ran up the flag and held it in its place was made fast at the cross-tree.

"One morning, when the people of Sandwich got up, they found the flag that had been flying proudly at the top of the liberty pole lying in the dust of the street. It had been pulled down by some Copperhead in the night, and basely dishonored. It was dusted and ran up to the top again, amid cheers.

"There it flew all day, but next morning it was again found in the dust, while a shameful object, no less revolting than the figure of a dead cat, hung head downward, had taken its place at the top of the pole.

"Then a young man of the village, a mere stripling, came running up as the crowd gathered in horror and indignation, with a hatchet in his hand, and picked up the flag from the ground. He climbed the pole with the flag wrapped around his shoulders. Up he went; rested a moment at the cross-tree, where everybody expected to see him try to run down the object at the top, and run up the flag. But in an instant he started up again, climbing the swaying topmast until he reached the very top.

"Here he lost no time in cutting loose with a blow the object which hung there, and it came crashing down. Next he cut loose the rope there, and the people wondered what he was doing. They saw presently, for in a minute he had the inner edge of the flag against the pole, and with nails that he took from his pocket he was nailing the flag to the mast with the back of his hatchet. When that work was thoroughly done, and the flag flapped again in the breeze, amid the cheers of the people below, the boy began to descend. And then it was plain that he had new use for his hatchet, for, as he came down he knocked off cleat by cleat the little pieces upon which his own feet had climbed the pole. One after another they fell off, and the blows of the hatchet left the pole as smooth and round as before these pieces had been tacked on. Again he rested at the cross-tree, and again he began descending, knocking off every piece as fast as he left it, and when he jumped upon the ground not only was the Union flag flying proudly at the top of the pole, but its removal had been put beyond human ingenuity and agility.

"The flag hung there amid the storms until, long afterward, it had beaten itself into shreds. And the people of Sandwich were prouder of the tattered flag than they would have been of any new one that could have been raised, for it told to them a story of patriotism and bravery.

"It is not much wonder that the youth who nailed this flag to the mast became a trusted and active citizen in the western states to which he afterward removed, and was named not long ago for one of the highest official honors of that state. His modesty regarding the incident is very great, however, and it has almost faded out of sight."—*Boston Transcript.*

THERE IS NO EXCUSE

If You Are Unfortunate Enough to be Buried Alive.

"There is no excuse for any one being buried alive," said Dr. W. A. Hammond. "No," he continued, "there is no excuse for it. The tests of death have been brought down to such a point that any competent physician may have no difficulty in accurately determining whether or not death had taken place."

"Does decomposition always set in after death?"

"Invariably, provided the body is not frozen. Of course, you can freeze it and keep it for years before it will decompose and yet are kept frozen for market. The salmon that you eat now were caught last spring, and have been kept frozen ever since. They are just as good."

"Do you imagine that there is any foundation to the belief of many that people are sometimes buried alive?"

"I have no doubt of it. I have known of its being done, but it is not by any means of frequent occurrence—not nearly so frequent as many people imagine. The physician is entirely to blame when it is done. The fact that bodies have been found turned over in the coffins led people to believe that they were buried alive. But that's not so. It is probably the work of the gases coming from the body. Pent up in a coffin they become very powerful, and it is almost singular that they do not move bodies around more than they do."

"Then you don't take any stock in the stories of men who come to life under the ground, of their terrible struggles to get free and their horrible death at last?"

"That's all bosh. Poe wrote of graveyards trembling with the struggles of the buried alive, that's all bosh, too. When people are buried alive, as they certainly have been, they never wake up to know it. When in a trance state their vitality must be so weak that when they begin to regain consciousness and to attempt to breathe they die of suffocation immediately and never knew that they came to life again. Buried for dead, they practically are dead."

A Great Country for Railroads.

"I've just been doin' an odd bit of figurin'," remarked a brakeman to a Chicago *Herald* reporter. "By actual count I've found that there are now 30,000 railway stations in the United States at which agents are stationed. A good many? You bet it is. Why, just think of it; that's one station for every 1,800 people the country through. In the big cities the proportion is much smaller. In a place like Chicago, for instance, there are only half a dozen stations, suburban stopping places not being counted, for 725,000 people. In Illinois, outside of Chicago, there are about 2,500 stations. Suppose a traveling man should start out to visit all the stations in the United States; say he could make two stations a day; how long would it take him to make the grand rounds? Only about fifty years. And by the time he got around there'd be enough new stations to keep him goin' 50 years more. This is a mighty big country. Chicago has a greater number of railroads than any other city in the country, or the world, and the biggest ones, too. Chicago has 20 roads, St. Louis and Cincinnati 14 each, New York 13, Boston and Philadelphia 12 each, Pittsburg 11, Buffalo 10. Some of the smaller towns are pretty well fixed for railroads, too. Columbus, Ohio, has as many as Boston or Philadelphia, and Dayton, Ohio, and Minneapolis have nine each. The greatest railroad town for its size is Decatur, Ill., which has seven roads and a population of 10,000. I've heard that in the Illinois insane asylums there is about 400 people from Decatur, all made crazy by trying to keep up with the changes in railroad time tables."

Material Benefit of Family Prayer.

A parish in which daily prayers are offered in every family is sure to grow and prosper.—*Chicago Living Church* (Episcopal).

God still interposes in human affairs. He still answers prayer. He is still mindful of His covenant. But He works through instituted means, alike in the kingdom of grace and the kingdom of providence.—*Chicago Standard* (Baptist).

PLANETS IN APRIL.

What the Evening Skies Have to Interest the Observer.

Jupiter is morning star until the 21st, and after that time evening star. On the 21st, at 5 o'clock in the morning, our giant brother planet is in opposition with the sun, his only superior in the solar system. He is as far away from him as possible, and at his nearest point to the earth. The opposition of Jupiter is a gala day for terrestial observers, for it is the time when he takes on his most superb aspect, the time when astronomers hope, by untiring assiduity, to wrest from his unwilling grasp some of the secrets of his physical condition. This privilege may be enjoyed on the 21st, not only at the time of opposition but during the whole month, for Jupiter is the most brilliant star in the celestal vault, with one exception, from the commencement of April to its close. We say, with one exception, but Venus, on the twilight sky, though larger and more fascinating, is not so grand and stately as Jupiter is on the dark background of the midnight sky. There is no need of pointing out Jupiter. Any observer who watches the southeast horizon about 8 o'clock on the 1st, will behold his advent, shining like a young moon, and claiming supremacy over the surrounding stars.

Venus is evening star. She is so lovely an object in the glowing western twilight that it seems almost like an injustice to give her the second place on the April record. Jupiter, however, reaches the culmination of his course, and Venus will not reach her period of greatest brilliancy until the 15th of August. Therefore she is not on the pinnacle of her fame just now, but her charming presence will grace the western sky till summer closes. At the beginning of the month Jupiter rises about a half-hour

Recent Literature.

"On the Susquehanna" is a novel by William A. Hammond, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. This is the fifth volume that has come from the pen of this author within the past two or three years, and they are volumes of four or five hundred pages each. The present story develops some ideas as to the scope and influence of heredity, but this is done in an incidental way and without affecting the interest or movement of the story. The characters possess originality and are strongly drawn, the plot is ingenious and the book has the important merit of being thoroughly interesting from first to last.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., have just published a faithful copy of M. de Munkacsy's great picture, "Christ Before Pilate," which has just been sold for over $100,000, in a steel-plate engraving, done in line and stipple, measuring 22x28 inches, which they have decided to sell at the extremely low price of $1 a copy, so as to bring the picture within the reach of thousands and tends of thousands who can not see or own the original. The original painting was painted five years ago by the great Hungarian artist Munkacsy, as the supreme effort of his life and art in dealing in the spirit of realism with a sacred subject, and is one of the most remarkable and greatest pictures ever painted.

From D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, comes "Possibilities," by Rev. Thomas L. Baily. The book is written to show how a departure from the old conventional methods and an infusion of common sense ideas into our educational methods would be productive of the most beneficial results. A country village school is shown which, through lack of tact and knowledge on the part of teachers and of interest on the part of parents, had become almost worthless. A new teacher is engaged who, by rare good management, creates an entirely new order of things.

"The American Merino: For Wool and for Mutton," by Stephen Powers, comes from the O. Judd Co., New York. It is a practical treatise, which will be of use in all parts of the United States, on the selection, care, breeding, and diseases of Merino sheep. The book is a valuable treatise for the purpose, containing a great deal of information which cannot fail to be useful to farmers.

In the series of "American Commonwealths" issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, to be edited by Horace Scudder, is "New York" by Ellis H. Roberts. It is in two volumes and includes a most comprehensive survey of the state, its past and present conditions, with a review of the influences that make it the great and powerful commonwealth which it now is. It is interesting reading throughout from beginning to end, not only for the people who live in New York but for the many who have found homes elsewhere.

Another book from the same house is "A Century of Electricity," by T. C. Mendenhall. In this little volume the author has endeavored to sketch the growth of electricity, and its principal applications. It does not pretend to be a history of the science, nor is it a scientific treatise, but in a plain simple way it enables a reader who is entirely unacquainted with scientific nomenclature to understand the important phases of its development, and to obtain such a knowledge of its principles that he can understand the meaning of the electrical devices that he sees in every-day life.

White, Stokes & Allen, New York, send a very beautiful Easter offering entitled "Heralds of Easter," which is a new poem by Dora Read Goodale, illustrated with designs of city sparrows and wisteria, white doves and blossoming apricot, swallows and white daisies, chirping birds and pussy willow. These are the work of Fidelia Bridges already well known as a fine designer.

Literary Notes.

Mr. Henry George has written an article on "How to Stop Concentration of Wealth."

A beautiful etching of Oliver Wendell Holmes ornaments the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Lord Tennyson has written a morning and an evening hymn for small boys in the Gordon Home, near Portsmouth.

Charles Dudley Warner is represented in the April *Harper's* by the first article of a short series of "Mexican Papers."

Mr. Henry C. Lea has completed his "History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages," a work on which he has been closely engaged for many years.

The literary records of Lowell and others of our leading writers in connection with Harvard will be touched upon in the April *Century*, and in May that of Emerson.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's series of articles on the great English Cathedrals begins in the April *Century* with an account of Canterbury. Pennell will illustrate the series throughout.

Under the title, "Practical Piety," Charles H. Kerr & Co. have published a little book containing four sermons delivered at Central Music Hall, Chicago, last winter, by the Rev. Jenkins Lloyd Jones.

Frederick Warne & Co. have issued a new edition of "Nuttall's Standard Dictionary of the English Language," revised and extended by Ben Wood. It forms the one hundredth thousand of the work.

The third instalment of Dr James Murray's great English dictionary is ready. Of the 5,323 main words, 3,802 are in current use, 1,379 are obsolete, and 142 are foreign or imperfectly naturalized words.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett will have a sketch of New England life in the May number of the *Atlantic*, entitled, "The Courting of Sister Wisby." Miss Jewett is kept busily engaged by the demand for her clever stories.

Theodora Havers is the real name of the lady who writes under the pseudonym of "Theo. Gift." One of her cleverest novels is "Lil Lorimer," a second (and inexpensive) edition of which was brought out the other day by Appleton.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert announce that very shortly they will publish "A Summer in England with Henry Ward Beecher," giving notes of incidents, sermons, lectures and addresses delivered there by him last summer, but also an account of the trip, of his reception by people and clergy and statesmen.

Miss Marietta Holley, the humorous author known as "Josiah Allen's Wife," has finished her book, "Samantha at Saratoga," and has sold the MSS to Messrs. Hubbard Bros., of Philadelphia, who are employing the best humorous artists in the country to illustrate it for that purpose bringing it out this spring at a popular price by subscription.

A series of articles prepared by Gen. Logan for publication in the *Century*, consisting of personal reminiscences of the war, will be issued in book form in connection with his second work "The Volunteer soldier of America," by R. S. Peale & Co., Chicago. It will contain a biographical memoir of the author by his executive aid, Dr. C. A. Logan. The book will be sold by subscription, two-thirds of the profits going to Mrs. Logan.

The Century company prints in a paper-covered volume, "The Pharaohs and the Exodus," by Charles S. Robinson, D. D., of Madison Avenue church, New York. The contents are a series of lectures delivered in the church. Dr. Robinson, traveling in Egypt, studied the monuments and other remains, partly with the curiosity of an archæologist, but chiefly with the ambition to apply what he saw and learned to harmonize with the Biblical accounts of the Pharoahs of the bondage and the exodus.

Do Not Be Alarmed

at the raising of blood from the lungs. It is one of the very earliest symptoms of consumption, and only shows the healthy efforts of the system to throw of the scrofulous impurities of the blood which have resulted in ulceration of the lungs. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a positive remedy for consumption at this stage. If taken faithfully, it will cleanse the blood, heal the ulcers in the lungs, and build up and renovate the whole system.

His Curiosity Saved His Life.

A countryman at a prominent hotel blew out the gas, but not before he had noticed a little green tag suspended from the burner. He prepared for slumber, but his curiosity got the better of him and he lit the gas to read the inscription. It was "Do not blow out the gas or it will cause immediate death." There was an extra clause in the countryman's prayer blessing the creation of curiosity.

A Profitable Investment

can be made in a postal card, if it is used to send your address on to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, who can furnish you work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are located. Few there are who cannot earn over $5 per day, and some have made over $500. Capital not required; you are started free. Either sex; all ages. All particulars free.

A PARSEE PRIEST'S CHAT.

Peculiarities of the Strange Religion—Christianity's Growth in India.

"Kevasjee Pestangee, Bombay, India."

The words were written in a firm, neat hand on the register of the Girard.

"A wonderful man," observed Clerk Morris, who has been deciding the over-night fate of a large part of the traveling community for a quarter of a century. "You know I have been meeting all sorts of interesting men for years, but he is the most interesting of all. He is unique." Then to an agile servant he gave a card and said: "Take this to Mr. Pestangee." The servant hurried into the reading-room with the card on a silver tray. When he returned a gentleman, slender, of the medium height, with gold eyeglasses resting on a finely molded nose, accompanied him. The gentleman bowed to the reporter. "You desire," he inquired, "to see me?"

"If you please."

"Very much pleased. Be seated."

The Indian seated himself on a big leather-covered sofa, resting his head lightly upon the back. The writer sat down beside him.

"You are——"

"I am Kevasjee Pestangee. I do not blame you that you hesitate when you come to pronounce my name."

He smiled, showing his shining, ivory-like teeth. He had the intonation that one finds among the upper-class English to-day. He gave a broad sound to most of his a's, and either he invariably pronounced "ether." He had a decided accent, however, that was not English, but was like that of no other nationality. It was peculiar to himself, and, as he said afterwards, to his people.

"I have come from India, as you have seen. I am leisurely making my way round the world. I have seen all that I desire of Europe, and now I am making a tour of this country. I have already been in New York and Boston. I am a Parsee."

"A fire worshiper?"

"No; not a fire worshiper. That is an erroneous idea that many have. The Parsees do not worship fire. They worship the one God. They pay respects to the elements—fire, water and the rest—as great works of God without which we could not exist. Fire is one of the most beautiful and striking of the elements. When a Parsee, in praying, turns his face toward the sun, he does not worship the sun, but looks upon it as illustrating the power and the majesty of the Supreme Being. Fire burns always in our temples, as a symbol, as a sacred symbol, but always a symbol. There are 70,000 or 80,000 of us in India. We do not propagate our religion. More than that, we do not take others into our religion even. We are exclusive. Our temples are open only to those of our faith, and even when religious rites are performed in a room, no one not of our religion can be present."

"You then hold to the orthodox teachings of your religion?"

"Yes; I am a priest."

"A priest?"

"Yes; a priest of the outer temple. The priesthood in our religion, as among the old Jews, is hereditary. No layman ever can become a priest. I am a member of the priestly caste. My father before me was a priest and his father, and so on. I in my youth performed the sacred functions. But I laid them off afterwards and chose another profession. I went first into mercantile life, and later became a lawyer. But I have still my profession. A priest observes many outward forms. He always wears a white turban, and is never allowed to shave of cut his hair. I did not do so until I had laid off my priestly functions. I could be restored, if I wished, after undergoing certain religious forms. But, having once taken up a worldly vocation, I could never become a priest of the inner temple where the sacred fire burns."

"Are the Parsees distinguished by any mark from those of other religions who live round them?"

"Yes. Every Parsee wears a sacred shirt. I have one on me now. No Parsee is ever without it, no matter how far he travels. It is made of mull, very light and gauzy. Upon the breast a square piece of cloth is sewed with sacred thread. The square has no lettering upon it, but to the Parsee it signifies equality and justice. The garment is put upon the Parsee child at the age of seven, and from that time on the child is in full communion with our faith and is held morally responsible for his acts. The placing of the garment upon the body is accompanied with certain prayers. Thereafter the Parsee is bound to make his daily prayers. In the morning he prays that he may speak the truth, think the truth and act the truth. Our temples are open all day and one may drop in at any time to make his quiet orison."

"What are the progress does Christianity make among the natives of India?"

"It has made very considerable progress, especially among the lower classes. I think, however, that the progress has been much stayed during the last ten or fifteen years and that few converts are made now."

"The Parsees do not object to the spread of Christianity?"

"No, we fear only the Mohammedans. They only hate us, and they have oppressed us. England is a Christian country, and the Parsees all favor and support England in India. They would support it, too, against Russia, as I think would natives of Ind would. We favor the English rule as they have given us protection and justice. Under them we are first in civilization among all the Indians. But Persia is our country, and Cyrus was our King—Cyrus, who released the Jews from bondage. When afterwards Persia was subjugated, some of my people fled, carrying with them the sacred fire; the others remained and submitted to Mohammedanism or were put to the sword. Those who escaped were the progenitors of those who live in India to-day."

"You have perhaps met Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky in India?"

"The American Theosophists? They are amusing. Their teachings are not obtain the slightest consideration in India. They are quite ignored. However, Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky contrive to make a great noise about everything they do, and I fancy have made an impression here that they have created a sect in India."

"Suppose all India should become Christian?"

"All? If all except my people should become Christians we should find no fault. Then we should only be careful of one thing."

"And that is——"

"That our children should not become Christianized. Zoroaster was our prophet—Zoroaster, who lived before these ages were."—*Philadelphia Press.*

How they Mend the Ocean Cables.

In an interview with the captain of the steamer dedicated for that purpose, a *Boston Journal* reporter finds out how they mend a break in the ocean cable:

A break is detected and discovered from the shore station, and can be located within a few hundred yards by the skillful electrician. The Minia is then sent from her station at Halifax and brings up, let us suppose, a half mile east of the break. The strong hempen rope, wire strengthened, is then let down with a large grapnel at the end. This grapnel has four hooks, at the base of which is a small iron pin about half an inch in diameter, which is pressed in when the weight of the cable comes upon it; this pressure closes the circuit on a small wire in the center of the grapnel, ringing a bell in the electrician's office. When the slightest touch has been hooked it is pulled to the surface, with greater or less difficulty according to the depth of the water. It is then cut and the end set in a tablet in the office, so that the electrician can test it to the westward in this supposed case, and finding that he can "get" the shore and that in that direction the cable is all right, he tries it in the other direction and locates the break exactly. The shore end is then buoyed, and the cable is pulled onto the deck of the vessel, or more correctly, the vessel is pulled to the cable by means of a powerful engine connecting with the great drums. The spare cable is coiled away in large tanks in the hold of the steamer, and the defect is brought into a position where it can be easily handled. It is then cut out and spliced, or fixed in whatever manner is necessary under the circumstances.

Who Know Its Value?

That is a fair question in regard to anything, and as to "Compound Oxygen" it may have the completest sort of an answer by any applicant to DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., who have names (to whom they may with full consent refer) in nearly every State and Territory in the United States, Judge Kelley, "father of the United States House of Representatives," heads the list of willing witnesses. Every profession and occupation is represented. Send for the literature on the subject, which will come to you free.

From a Boston Menu.

An advertisement in a Boston paper states that an active servant is wanted, "who must be a plain cook, and able to dress a little boy five years old." Are the advertisers cannibals? And (we ask for information) with what sauce do they eat little boys five years old?—*Texas Siftings.*

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering upon its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, and we send it and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to C. Gilmore, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

CREMATION IN ALASKA.

Curious Customs That Follow Death—Why the Bodies Burn Well.

Having had information the other day of a cremation to take place at the Indian village, I went to the beach to witness it. The defunct siwash was known around Juneau as Frank, and was formerly employed at Martin Bros'. store in the capacity of Indian clerk, and the klockman (it being a double cremation of one of each sex) had been called demmie; both, as it happened, having died of consumption. The mourning service consisted of the ancient ceremony known as "potlatch," which is always customary among the Indians of Southeastern Alaska on the occasion of the death of one of their number. The "potlatch" is a division of whatever property goods the deceased may have possessed, such as blankets, dry goods, etc., among his or her relations, according as the merits of each individual case may justify.

In the services of the morning, which are very long, and to the Indian mind very impressive, the first in the order of the day is a eulogistic discourse by one of the old men, which, being delivered by him in sections, so to speak, is taken up and sung by the rest in a monotonous sort of chant; the old man is then superseded by another venerable buck, who goes through the same service, and he in turn by another, until all the old men have had their individual say. The chanters keep time by thumping the floor with sticks and beating on a drum. The performance being gone over for a day or two, the potlatch takes place.

The body of the deceased is first wrapped in a matting, woven from split roots, and in appearance resembling coarse straw. They then convey the body to the place of cremation, which is always on the beach at high water mark. In this occasion grove had on hand for the purpose of burning the two bodies about one cord of wood, some split and some in small logs. First a platform of small logs is laid a foot from the ground and a space of four inches between each log. On this pyre, which was about seven feet long by six feet wide, the two bodies were placed, about three feet apart and around them a miniature log hut was built to a hight of four feet. The inclosed space is then carefully filled in with split wood and fine kindling. And now, everything being in readiness, the fire is lighted from the bottom. The native diet being chiefly salmon, an oily substance, the bodies of which seem to contain a considerable amount of oil, as they burn very readily. While the corpses were charring, the friends of the deceased continued to poke them with long sticks, occasionally raking the fragments of burnt flesh from the fire and wrapping them in skins, blankets, etc. Burning from the cremation, the two natives, I heard singing in a native house, and dropped in to see what was going on.

There was quite an assemblage of natives squatted around a small fire in the center of the room, and at one end of the house the corpse of an old woman lay, covered with sheet and blankets. All around the room was strung up muslin, pieces of calico, and a few blankets; also three umbrellas, etc., all of which will be distributed among the relatives and near friends. Then the process described above will be gone through.—*Alaska Free Press.*

DONNELLY'S SHAKESPEARE.

The Bacon Cipher Will Be Ready to Print in July.

The Hon Ignatius Donnelly, since legislative cares are no longer weighing him down, has devoted himself once again to his work on the Baconian cipher. Now representative found him in an unusually chatty mood, and, and in response to a question as to the progress being made, he replied substantially as follows:

"Yes, sir, my work is progressing admirably. Am I confident of the existence of the cipher? Certainly. Why not? How can any doubt exist in the evidence of his friends? There is no room for self-deception, no scope for the imagination. A man might be as mad as a March hare, but he cannot add up 50 so as to make it 20. I am neither deceived myself nor deceiving others.

"What is the cause of the delay in publishing? Simply because the work is vaster than I imagined. I started out with an expectation of finding one or two cipher words on each page, then I advanced to a dozen or two, then to a score or two, then I thought the cipher words were one-fifth of the text, according to Bacon's cipher rule, where he tells us "the writing infolding holdeth a quinquine relation to the writing infolded." Now I find more than half the words are cipher words, and that many words, as in the sample given in Shakespeariana, are made to do double and treble duty. In the plays of first and second Henry IV., Bacon intended to leave, for the astonishment of all time, a piece of work the most ingenious and marvelous ever constructed by the wit of man. How any human intellect could have achieved such a work is a matter of daily surprise to me. I could not believe it myself if my arithmetical rule, applied with the utmost rigidity and precision, did not prove it to me every hour of the day. Imagination! There isn't any more imagination in the work I am doing than there is in the labors of a first-class bookkeeper in a mercantile establishment, and my work will prove itself just as his does, by the fact that every other man, going over it carefully, must reach the same results. I hope to get my book to the printer by July."

WM. R. TRAVERS.

Anecdotes of the Wit Who Died Recently in the West Indies.

Wm. R. Travers, the great wit, philanthropist and gentleman, who died in Bermuda, where he had gone for his health, was well known in Washington, and many speak kind words of his memory. At a dinner a number of Mr. Travers's best jokes were recalled and repeated. Among these the following good ones were told:

"A former acquaintance in Baltimore met him on Broadway, and turning aside began to chat with him. 'You stammer more since you have lived in New York,' the friend remarked in the course of the talk, 'than you did in Baltimore.' 'B-b-bigger place,' Travers replied.

"Men with gigantic schemes have sought him time and again. Once he was appealed to by a gentleman who wanted to sell a mine. He showed all the reports and said he had taken $1,000,000 out of a mine. He was willing to sell the property for a sum considerably less than the amount produced. 'If you ha-hadent ta-taken anyth-thing out, I think I would ta-take the mine,' Travers responded.

"A young friend who had taken his advice to go in a fortunate speculation, and withdrawn his money from Wall street, bought a house. Subsequently Travers met him and asked how the house suited. 'The house is all right, Mr. Travers,' the friend replied, 'but I am very much troubled with rats.'

"'G-get a c-cat.'

"'I've done-ns, but the rats actually drive them out of the house.'

"'G-get a d-dog,' was Travers' second suggestion. 'I know where yu c-can get a g-good d-dog.' He recommended his friend Harry Jennings, the dog-fancier, and agreed to go and help in selecting a dog. One was thought worthy, and Jennings having put a dozen rats to worry him in the pit it was thrown in to show how quickly it could kill them. The dog killed all except one, a gray-bearded old rat almost as big as the dog, which seized the dog by the lower lip and held on. The dog yelped with pain and tried to shake off the rat, but without effect. Travers, who was thoroughly excited and running around the pit, shouted, 'B-buy the rat! B-buy the rat!'"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

A Belle's Bundle Becomes Undone.

An amusing incident occurred on one of the passenger cars the other evening. A fashionably attired and handsome young lady had just entered the car and was about paying her fare. As she did so a bundle that had on her lap tumbled over to the floor, and the paper in which it was wrapped became disarranged and disclosed a half loaf of home made bread. The conductor gallantry gathered up the escaped staff of life and rewrapped it in the paper, returning it to the young lady, whose face was suffused with blushes. Everybody in the car smiled, but of course all knew that she had been visiting some friend who insisted upon the young lady taking a sample of her baking.—*Philadelphia Call.*

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

PAPIER-MACHE.

How the Substance Is Made and the Uses to which It Is Applied.

"A dollar you can't tell me what that match-box is made of," said Dick, handing the object mentioned to his friend, Harry Dolt.

"Don't bet, in the first place," replied Harry, "and don't care, in the second. Spose all a man wants to know is, if it 'll hold matches and isn't too big for his pocket."

"Never saw such a fellow as you in my life. I'm sure that if the last judgment was announced, on good authority, for noon sharp to-morrow, you'd take it as a matter of course."

"Why not? When I run up against the inevitable, I try to manage things so as not to get concussion of the brain. Is there anything as startling as your supposed announcement in that match box?"

"Did you ever see a piece of polished ebony as light as that?"

"Polished pancake! ;'s nothing but papier-mache. Any child can tell that."

"Perhaps so. But, admitting the fact, there is a child of about six-and-twenty solid winters in front of me who can't tell how papier-mache is made."

"I'm very much given to minding my own business, and the making of papier-mache is no part of it. But I think it's an open question whether you could accurately describe the process yourself. By the way, why does it interest you?"

"I have the prosperity of Pittsburg at heart. Some people seem to think that all we can or ought to do here is to make iron, steel or glass. Now, with our splendid advantages in point of fuel, I think Pittsburg would be a first-rate place for the manufacture of paper car-wheels."

"That's quite another matter. Now, I'm prepared to listen. But you know I love brevity."

"Well, cotton forms the basis of the paper used. The sheets are pasted together with dextrine until the mass is thick enough to go under the hydraulic press. There they are squeezed into any desired form, which, when dry, is as hard and a good deal lighter, bulk for bulk, than any wood."

"Brief enough; go on."

"This product is poreless, fiberless, sapless and knotless. It is subjected for 24 hours to a high drying heat. Then it can be worked with any kind of tool. The varnishing of it is a mere detail."

"Is it from this substance that are manufactured all those bracelets of large black beads studded with Scotch imitation diamonds, all those necklaces, pins, clasps, and trinkets of all sorts that are taken for pitch coal or some precious wood. Again, those handsome bracelets, composed of semi-lucid and opaline globules that seem to have been cut out of a stone formed by a concentric layers like certain precious stones are merely of papier-mache, cemented with white varnish and coated with the same. So, too, those beautiful narcreous, painted and gilded trays, round tables and caskets that are known as Japanese work, are merely papier-mache. The Japanese know but one kind of gilding, while we have two—the dead and the brilliant. We have, likewise, a liquid nacre taken from the scales of the whitebait that well imitates the white currant and certain transparent berries. The nacre is solidly inlaid by means of the hydraulic press, and finally the surface is finished with pumice stone to make it perfectly even, and covered with a colorless varnish of the first quality."

"Well, that's worth listening to. But if I were as much interested in all this kind of stuff as you are, I think I'd try and invent something myself."

"Too many patent sharps around. Wouldn't pay. More fun in letting other fellows do that."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

THE SOURCE OF PROVERBS.

The following are from the Bible:

"There is death in the pot."—II. Kings, 4: 40.

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided," is spoken of Saul and Jonathan.—II Samuel, 1: 23.

"A man after his own heart."—I. Samuel, 8: 14.

"The apple of his eye."—Deuteronomy, 19: 21.

"A still small voice."—I. Kings, 19: 12.

"Escaped with the skin of my teeth."—Job, 19: 20.

"Spreading himself like a green bay tree."—Psalm, 37: 35.

"Coals of fire upon his head."—Proverbs, 25: 22.

"Riches certainly make themselves wings," not take, as often quoted.—Proverbs, 23: 5.

"No new thing under the sun."—Ecclesiastes, 1: 9.

"Of making books there is no end."—Ecclesiastes, 7: 12.

"Peace, peace, when there is no peace," made famous and popular by Patrick Henry, is from Jeremiah, 8: 2.

There are many more from the sacred writings which "if ye search ye shall find."

The popular quotations from Shakespeare are numerous. One or two, often misquoted, will suffice:

"All that glistens is not gold."—*Merchant of Venice.* Generally quoted, "All is not gold that glitters."

"Screw your courage to the sticking place" (not point).—*Macbeth.*

"Hand out your banners on the outward (not outward) walls."—*Macbeth.*

"Keep the word of promise to our (not the) ear, and break it to our hope."—*Macbeth.*

The old authors are rich in quotations, such as the following:

"It is an ill wind turns none to good," is by Thomas Tasser, 1580 though often quoted, "it is an ill wind that blows no one any good."

"Christmas comes but once a year," is by the same author, and "Look ere you leap," by the same, from which Hudibras took his "Look before you ere you leap," but often quoted, "Look before you leap."

"Out of mind as soon as out of sight," is by Lydgate, usually quoted, "Out of sight, out of mind."

Here are a few from Milton:

"What though the field be lost, all is not lost."

"Awake! arise! or be forever fallen."

"Necessity the tyrants' plea."

"That old man eloquent."

"Peace hath her victories."

Roger L'Estrange wrote, "Though this may be play to you, 'tis death to us."

Hudibras is full of quotations:

"All cry and no wool," not little wool, as usually quoted.

"Count your chickens ere (not before) they're hatched."

"Through thick and thin," is from Dryden.

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," is a usual quotation. It should be, "When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war," and is from Nat Lee's "Rival Queens."

"Of two evils I have chose the least," is from Prior.

"As clear as a whistle," is by Byron—not by Lord Byron of this century, but of 1763.

Goldsmith has "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs" (not lies.

"His God's image cut in ebony," Thomas Fuller.

"Wise and masterly inactivity," by Macintosh, in 1791, is generally attributed to Randolph.

"First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen) was incorporated into the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, December, 1799, by Gen. Henry Lee.

"Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute," was by Charles C. Pinckney.

"The almighty dollar."—*Washington Irving.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Beware of Imitations.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "HORSFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

How to Reach Old Age.

If the following rules are observed, and one does not die in the meantime, Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson says that one can live to a peaceful and enjoyable old age:

To subsist on light but nutritious diet, with milk as the standard food, but varied according to season.

To take food in moderate quantity four times in the day, including a light meal before going to bed.

To clothe warmly, but lightly, so that the body may in all seasons maintain an equal temperature.

To keep the body in fair exercise and the mind active and cheerful.

To maintain an interest in what is going on in the world, and to take part in reasonable labors and pleasures, as though old age were not present.

To take plenty of sleep during sleeping hours, to spend nine hours in bed at the least, and to take care during cold weather that the temperature of the bed-room is maintained at 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

To avoid passion, excitement, luxury.

If one has time to attend to them, doubtless those rules would prolong life. But what business man can? He would rather die first.

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Largest medicinal spring in America. Four story building, lighted by gas and heated by steam. Baths, Massage and Electricity a specialty. Send for circulars. JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Supt., Green Spring, Ohio.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

A GENTLEMAN of large culture, and one with a thorough acquaintance with the ins and outs of our conglomerate language, sends the following to the Salad-server, which will be read with interest:

The tyranny has been made if there be any other words in our tongue ending in *ceed*, excepting exceed, proceed, and succeed. Examination into some of the intricacies of philology reveals the fact that these three words only have that termination. I also have used, or have but two words ending in *oath*, being "loath" and "oath." But four words terminate in "cion"—"coercion," "intercecion," "suspicion," and "scion." We have 251 words ending in "ility," as "equality," "civility," etc. Of these only three double the L, "jollity," "nullity," "tranquillity."

There are just 1,700 nouns terminating in "tion," all the way from *abbreviation* to *vomition*. Two hundred and twenty-two nouns wind off in "sion," of which "dissension" alone retains similarity of termination, in its adjective form "dissensious," while in "pretension" the S is replaced by T and becomes "pretentious." The words "pervert," "revert," etc., change the terminal T into S and become "perversion" and "reversion," but in "desert," "exert," etc., the T is retained, as "desertion," "exertion," etc.

Numerous incongruities appear in our language that appear to be inexplainable, derivatively or grammatically, and not readily mastered except by compositors of experience.

R.

If Tennyson's fame were to rest upon his recent exploits in verse it would soon disappear in smoke. His "Locksley Hall Sixty Years Later" contains some fine passages mixed up with very inferior ones. It is stilted in parts, as if they did not come from the thought of the poet, but were ground out machine work. Yet there is enough that is really good to redeem it as a whole from entire condemnation, but the "Jubilee Ode" does not promise even so well as that. The cable extracts which have been received seem to show that it is simply a fulsome tribute to the royalty which has evoked a title upon one who ought to have realized that his own genius had made his name immortal, and it, therefore, needed no gilding. The Salad server cannot help wishing that the poet would write no more.

When will wonders, or rather, when and where will the mad pursuit of pleasure cease? One of the latest freaks comes from Paris, and is designed to help tide over the gloom of Lent, though how so ghastly a thing can do this, it is difficult to see. It is called "a dinner of the mourners." Imagine twelve persons, dressed in deepest mourning, gathered in a room draped throughout in black, black tables, chairs, and dishes, which have a design of wreathes of immortalles, death's heads and other cemetery emblems, while the glasses in which the champagne is served is made in the form of skulls. The footmen who wait at the table are dressed like undertakers, and during the feast an invisible organ plays melancholy music. It is said this has become so popular that the ministers have begun to preach against it. It would be better to leave it alone to die a natural death. Opposition will only give the freak stronger vitality, and there is not enough of anything in it except its novelty to make it last when that is gone.

If Ben: Perley Poore tells the truth, it is time to sound an alarm all along the line. Grub-stealing is bad enough when it invades society in the extent which it has done, but when it comes to snuff-dipping, women should rise up in rebellion and put the "nawsty" habit down. It does seem as if Ben: must be joking, yet he writes in apparently cold blood that in Washington during the past winter "the practice has found great favor and many genteel and high-toned ladies indulge in it. Each snuff-dipper has her bottle of Rappee, and from time to time double the L, "jollity," "nullity," "tranquillity."

"Tid-Bits" always keeps up with the times. Recently interested in the fishery question "Tid-Bits" concluded to get the opinions of some of the leading English poets upon the matter expressed in verse, and the following is what it claims Algernon Charles Swinburne says in reply. No one could possibly mistake the peculiar style, the-the-what-do-you-call-it of the lines:

Thrilled by the throb of the thought of the billows,
Pulsing with power and pallid with pain,
Drunk with the pain draught of the demon of drinkers,
I deluge the day with a dirge of disdain!

Fish, fowl, flesh, folly, flamboyant and flaunting,
Shall I weigh all my woe on the wing of a wish,
And hunt where the humanized horrors are haunting,
And focus my fate on the fin of a fish?

It is a curious thing, but it seems to be a general experience, that writers put productions are rarely, if ever, those which are most popular or win for him fame or reputation. Something which has been thrown off in the heat of excitement, or inspired by some sudden enthusiasm are what live longest, while what he has given time and labor to bringing to perfection are almost unnoticed and absolutely forgotten within the briefest period. Apropos of this fact, Charles Mackay in his autobiography says: "In looking back upon my literary work I am painfully conscious that my worst has been the most popular, and that my best has received but slight or no recognition. The words of 'Tramp, tramp, through the country and Cheer, Boys, Cheer,' thrown off at a heat in an hour or two, have earned the acclamations of the million; while the conscientious labors of years have been welcomed only by the choice few, whose numbers might be counted by the score." The same thing has been said by other authors, and so many times, that it almost seems a rule and not an exception.

The Bucket-Shop Business.

In a review of "bucket-shop" business *Bradstreet's* estimates that there are about 1,000 of these institutions in the United States. One hundred and fifty of these are in New York, in which not less than 20,000 speculators pass their time daily between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m. The *Financier* says:

The "transactions" in a bucket shop are simply legalized bets between the parties outside the railing and the owner of the shop. A man "invests" from $5 to $50 as a first that the market quotations of the day will go up or down, according as he "buys" or "sells." When the stock goes up one per cent. on a "long" ticket he doubles his money. If it goes down one per cent. his investment is "wiped out." He may "sell" if he chooses, that is, make or lose on a "short" ticket. The ingenious contract, which has been legalized, is said to have been the invention of Gen. Butler as counsel in some suit. It is practically nothing but a bet, since no stocks are actually bought or sold in a bucket shop, unless the proprietor himself operates in the stock exchange, just as others outside do. The chances of making money in a "bucket shop" seem to be in favor of the outside party, since if the quotations are favorable he increases his "profits" by the amount invested, for every change of 1 per cent. That is, a rise or fall of 5 per cent. on an investment of $5 when in his favor, gives a clear profit of $25. But, in practice, the "bucket shop" wins in the general average.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

A Boston Dog.

In one of our suburban towns dwells Mr. Coupon, a retired millionaire. His next door neighbor is a retired bank cashier, Mr. Asterisk. Mr. Asterisk is possessed of a toy terrier, which, when the millionaire takes his morning promenade up and down his garden, runs along on its master's side of the fence and barks at Mr. Coupon as vehemently as though he were a four-legged anarchist.

Mr. Coupon, who does not like being barked at any better than did the late Richard III, lately dispatched his confidential servant to Mr. Asterisk with this message:

"Mr. Coupon's compliments to Mr. Asterisk, and would Mr. Asterisk kindly kill his little dog, whose barking annoys Mr. Coupon very much?"

Mr. Asterisk was aghast for a moment when he received this message, but recovered his breath soon enough to return this response by the same messenger:

"Mr. Asterisk sends his compliments to Mr. Coupon, and begs to assure him that he will see Mr. Coupon, and all the Coupon family, including their ancestors and descendants, undergo the warmest process of annihilation before he will kill Tip."

Thereafter Tip cavorted up and down his side of the fence and barked with an emphasis suggestive of the consciousness of moral support.—*Boston Transcript.*

"My love, what made spell is thrown
Upon your face? Its charm I own.
Whence come they pure and pearly teeth?
Thy rosy lips! Thy perfumed breath?
Say, send in accents sweet and clear,
"Tis only SOZODONT, my dear."

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A CONFEDERATE NOTE.

[The following lines were written on the back of a Confederate note by Major S. A. Jonas, of Aberdeen, Miss., and presented to Miss Anna Rush, of Philadelphia. Major Jonas was a true soldier, and is now a good, loyal citizen of Mississippi, and an honorary member of the ex-Confederate Association of Chicago.]

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it;
As the pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To this tale that the soldier will tell—
Of liberty born of a patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess precious ores
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
She issued to-day her promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on and weeks became years,
But the coffers were empty still;
Coin was so scarce that the treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed
And our poverty well we discerned;
And this little check represents the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And every patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or the bills that were overdue;
We knew if it bought not a meal to-day
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it—

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request a reply by mail. In the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with

Grandmother's Old Arm Chair.

[Published by request.]

My granny, do you see,
At the age of eighty-three,
One day was taken sick and died,
And after she was dead,
The will of course was read,
By a lawyer, as we stood side by side.

To my brother, then I found,
She had left a hundred pounds,
And the same unto my sister, I declare;
But when it came to me,
"Ah," the lawyer says, "I see
She but left to you her old arm chair."

How they listened, how they chaffed;
How my brothers and sisters did laugh,
When the lawyer did declare,
"Granny's only left to you her old arm chair."

Now, I thought it hardly fair,
Yet I said I didn't care,
And in the evening took the chair away.
The neighbors at me laughed,
My brothers at me chaffed,
And he said, "It will come handy, John, some day.

When you're settled down in life,
Take a young girl for your wife,
And then you will be happy, I declare;
And when at first it pinches,
And your fire is burning bright,
You can sit down in your old arm chair."

What my brother said came true,
For I married a year or two,
I soon was settled down to married life;
I first the girl did court,
And then the ring I bought,
Took her to the church, and soon she was my wife;

Now the old girl and me
We're as happy as can be;
And when our pathway's o'er, I declare,
Abroad I never roam,
And at night I stay at home,
And sit down in my old arm chair.

Now, one night I found the chair
Had fallen to the floor,
And the bottom had dropped out upon the floor,
And there, to my surprise,
Were eighty bank notes of ten thousand pounds or more,
Lay some bank notes of ten thousand pounds or more,
When my brother heard of this,
How the fellow, I confess,
Was mistaken right before my eyes;
Then I said: "Now, brother Tim,
Don't you think it is a sin
That you didn't get the old arm chair?"

Land Patent and Taxation.

J. H. W., Johnson's Corners, O.:

You have here is no law to collect taxes on land before the patent has been issued. I have paid heavy taxes on land in Dakota for several years, and no again notified that taxes are due. Why must I pay taxes if there is no law to collect them? My patent has not been issued. Please explain why things are this.

That is our understanding of the law—that a homesteader does not pay taxes on land he receives his patent. Perhaps you are not a homesteader.

Mr. D. L. V. Moffett, of Willow Springs, Neb., referring to the subject, says: "In the 'next issue' The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with

Grandmother's Old Arm Chair.

[Published by request.]

My granny, do you see,
At the age of eighty-three,
One day was taken sick and died,
And after she was dead,
The will of course was read,
By a lawyer, as we stood side by side.

To my brother, then I found,
She had left a hundred pounds,
And the same unto my sister, I declare;
But when it came to me,
"Ah," the lawyer says, "I see
She but left to you her old arm chair."

How they listened, how they chaffed;
How my brothers and sisters did laugh,
When the lawyer did declare,
"Granny's only left to you her old arm chair."

Now, I thought it hardly fair.
Yet I said I didn't care,
And in the evening took the chair away.
The neighbors at me laughed,
My brothers at me chaffed,
And he said, "It will come handy, John, some day.

When you're settled down in life,
Take a young girl for your wife,
And then you will be happy, I declare;
And when at first it pinches,
And your fire is burning bright,
You can sit down in your old arm chair."

What my brother said came true,
For I married a year or two,
I soon was settled down to married life;
I first the girl did court,
And then the ring I bought,
Took her to the church, and soon she was my wife;

Now the old girl and me
We're as happy as can be;
And when our pathway's o'er, I declare,
Abroad I never roam,
And at night I stay at home,
And sit down in my old arm chair.

Now, one night I found the chair
Had fallen to the floor,
And the bottom had dropped out upon the floor,
And there, to my surprise,
Were eighty bank notes of ten thousand pounds or more,
Lay some bank notes of ten thousand pounds or more,
When my brother heard of this,
How the fellow, I confess,
Was mistaken right before my eyes;
Then I said: "Now, brother Tim,
Don't you think it is a sin
That you didn't get the old arm chair?"

Land Patent and Taxation.

J. H. W., Johnson's Corners, O.:

You have here is no law to collect taxes on land before the patent has been issued. I have paid heavy taxes on land in Dakota for several years, and no again notified that taxes are due. Why must I pay taxes if there is no law to collect them? My patent has not been issued. Please explain why things are this.

That is our understanding of the law—that a homesteader does not pay taxes on land he receives his patent. Perhaps you are not a homesteader.

Mr. D. L. V. Moffett, of Willow Springs, Neb., referring to the subject, says: "In the 'next issue' of The Blade I see a question propounded by a correspondent and yourself do not, judging from his question and your reply above, correctly understand the subject under discussion. I therefore take the liberty of calling your attention to it. Under the United States land laws any person holding either a pre-emption or homestead may at the expiration of six months actual residence thereon, provided he has fully complied with the land laws concerning the same, make proof, same, silverine to "prove up," that is, notify all concerned that it is his intention to perfect his entry, and thereby upon paying to the government $1.25 per acre for land he has his actual and continuous residence for the time specified will receive from the receiver of the district land office what is known as a 'receiver's receipt.' It is the final receipt upon which the issuance of the patent depends. Of course the party holding his claim, if it is a homestead, need not make final proof until the end of the five years, at which time he finally receives his deed to it, or him upon the payment of only $4.00. Or if he has a pre-emption he is allowed 33 months before he is compelled to prove up; but it frequently happens that the homestead or pre-emption settler is very poor, and at the end of six months is compelled to prove up and get a loan upon his land of a few hundred dollars, the loan company or banker taking a mortgage on the land to make the final proof and paying out on his land. Now, under the laws of the state of Nebraska, and doubtless under those of Dakota, as soon as the final receipt is issued, the land becomes subject to taxation, and from that time the property of the purchaser, and at the next assessment, is returned by the assessor as worth so much. When the levy of taxes is made by the county commissioners the land is taxed, and of course this tax has to be paid, or the land will be sold when the tax by law becomes delinquent. If it is not paid by the owner before that time any party purchasing same three days previous to a sale is allowed a tax deed by the county treasurer. If the state of the case were as you and correspondent supposed, all of the land in a county for taxes would be upon those vesting in the county who cannot personally or really, upon which the patent has been issued. This would be a very great hardship, as crops, though abundant, bring very low prices, and as the land is subject to taxation, only charge from three to ten per cent. per month for money, and there would be very few who could stand such rates. Then again the Secretary of the Interior, the United States commissioner, holds itself to his patents, and would let one be issued until he knows that the party claiming same has never been off his land and making the improvements, etc., as required and solemnly, substantiated by the evidence of two witnesses showing the amount of stock he has on hand, how many chickens he has eaten during his residence, etc. Even then, after years, the time of which I quote, changes are that he will send one of his spies out, and if you happen to be at church or visiting, it is probable that upon receiving the spies report that he will cancel your patent on the ground of want of faith with the government. The writer made final proof October 3, 1885, on his land and up to this date has not received his patent. Still pressed for money, he could sell all of the west would be compelled to make an assignment for the benefit of creditors, if they were compelled to support state, county and school, as well as erect bridges over our streams and make roads. He is compelled to pay all of the taxes for these purposes, and support their families beside, while waiting for the "How." Commissioner to issue patents for land in order to render it subject to taxation.

The Gulf Stream.

Subscriber, Cotton Valley, Ga.:

1. Is there any place where it is six months day and six months night? 2. Tell me something about the "Gulf stream" of the Atlantic ocean.

1. At the Poles the day is a little more, the night a little less than six months. 2. The Gulf stream, the largest and best known of the great ocean currents, derives its name from the Gulf of Mexico out of which it flows, between the coast of Florida one side and Cuba and the Bahama Islands on the other. With a breadth of about 50 miles in its narrowest part, it rushes along at the rate of five miles an hour. It follows the coast of the Atlantic till it washes the banks of Newfoundland; and then bears away across the Atlantic and nearly touches the shores of the British Islands and Norway. As it passes out of the Gulf of Mexico it has a warmth of 86 deg. F., which is several degrees higher than that of the ocean at the Equator. This heat is so far retains that it only falls to 75 deg at Labrador. The great cause of the gulf stream is believed to be the winds perpetually blowing from east to west over the tropical seas. One needs only to look at the configuration of the western shore of the Atlantic ocean to account for the production of the Gulf stream. Its source may even be found in the Indian ocean. The trade winds of the ocean produce a gradually increasing current of its waters which strike the African coast north of Madagascar. The current divides, and encloses that island, and passing southward rushes around the southern cape of Africa, taking the name of the Agulhas current from the cape of that name, and passing into the Atlantic ocean. At this point it has at certain periods of the year become a velocity nearly as great as that of the Gulf stream at the Bahamas. This current, passed northward by the Antarctic polar current, courses along the African course, it turned westward by the form of the continent and is lost in the great equatorial current produced by the Atlantic tradewinds. This equatorial current sweeps across the ocean until it reaches the American coast, when it divides, one part of the cape of Brazil in 5 ° south latitude. The greater portion bends to the north, carrying with it along the coasts northwesterly the great currents of the Amazon and Orinoco. This current then passes through the Carribean sea into the Gulf of Mexico. These waters, warm from the African coast and equatorial regions, are heaped up in the great circular basin 1,500 miles in diameter, into which no northern counter-current can penetrate, and are here further heated until they rush out through their only outlet, the straits of Florida, with a force that carries them to the shores of Norway and the Azores, while winter-currents, carrying down icebergs, are gliding from the polar seas toward the equator.

Culture of Tea.

Mrs. C. A. Reed, Syracuse, Neb.:

1. Please give a full description of tea culture. 2. When will the public lands of Indian Territory come into market? 3. Where can I get good cheap wheel chairs?

1. The tea plant in its wild state is a bushy shrub and sometimes a small tree, but in cultivation is kept dwarf by pruning. The plant blooms in November, and the seeds are ripe by the next autumn; these kept in sand till the following spring are sown in a seed bed, or in rows where the plants are to grow; the plants stand four or five feet apart each way. The plants yield a small picking in their third year and attain their maximum yield in the eighth or tenth. The quality of the tea depends largely upon the age of the leaves at the time of picking; the younger the leaves the more delicate the flavor and, of course, the smaller the yield. The earliest picking, the first of April, consists of the buds and the very youngest leaves; a second gathering at the end of April or first of May consists of more developed leaves and is the most important crop; an inferior quality of leaf is gathered in July. The picker has a basket slung by a cord around his neck, to have both hands at liberty; he holds the shoot with one hand and breaks off the finger of the leaf with the other, for, except in the earliest picking of the very young leaves, no portion of the petiole or leaf stalk must be gathered with the finer kinds of tea. It left in large masses, so that heating or natural fermentation takes place, the leaves are greatly injured. Great care is taken to prevent this. The leaves are put in shallow baskets to the sun and air, which wither and slightly dries them. They are then placed in small quantities in a shallow copper or wire pan heated by charcoal or other fuel, and rapidly stirred; at the proper moment they are swept out into other vessels or upon a table, where other workmen rub the leaves between their hands in order to roll them into the form which they finally retain; exposure to the air and a final drying complete the process with some teas, while, with others, there are several heatings, alternated with airings; the choice teas are spread upon a table to be assorted before packing, all imperfectly rolled leaves being removed and the dust and fine fragments being sifted out. The chest with its leaden lining being ready, one bare-footed laborer gets into it, and other gradually packs in the leaves, which the first treads down firmly. If the process of drying is completed as rapidly as possible after picking, the tea remains green. 2. The United States have adopted the policy of settling the various Indian tribes in this region, which where they may forever be free from the encroachments of the whites. 3. Consult the advertising columns of the BLADE.

The Cabinet—Reconstruction.

Jacob L., Pot, Mich.: 1. What causes the northern lights? 2. What led to the formation of the Washington cabinet? 3. What was Pres. Johnson's policy of reconstruction?

1. Read the answer to the second question of J. C. Croft, Fairfield, Neb., in the Bureau of March 17, 1887. 2. The constitution of the United States empowers the President to require the opinion in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices. Washington originated the practice of consulting all the heads of departments on important matters, and by later presidents they have generally been convened for joint consultation, until cabinet meetings to determine the course of the administration on all questions of importance have come to be expected as a matter of course. The cabinet, as a body of councillors, has no necessary place in the constitutional system of the United States, and each President will accord it such weight and importance in his administration as he shall see fit. 3. While Pres. Johnson's policy did not materially check reconstruction, it encouraged Southern politicians to do final effort, and with their well known tact they were not long in gaining the ascendency in nearly ever state. This ascendancy excited the fears and jealousies of the north and the Republicans announced as their object and platform "that all the results of the war" should be secured before southern reconstruction and representation in Congress should be completed. On these they based the Civil Tenure bill, which with his attempted removal of Secretary Stanton from the cabinet led to the effort to impeach him.

Sketch of Gen. Sickles.

W. H. Green, Stunner, Colo.:

In what part of the army did Gen. H. F. Sickles serve during the war of the rebellion? Where and when did he distinguish himself? Give a brief history of his command and brave deeds.

Gen. Sickles was born in New York October 20, 1822. He was admitted to the bar in 1841. In 1847 he was elected to the state legislature, and in 1853 was appointed secretary of legation to New York City. In the latter year he accompanied Mr. Buchanan to England as secretary of legation. He was elected to the state senate in 1855, and to Congress in 1856, and re-elected to the latter in 1858 and 1860. In 1859 he shot Phillip Barton Key in Washington for an intrigue with his wife, and was tried for murder, but acquitted. On the outbreak of the civil war in 1861 he raised the Excelsior brigade in New York, and was commissioned colonel. In September his nomination as a brigadier general of volunteers was rejected by the Senate, but on its renewal was confirmed, and in the battles of the Chickahominy campaign he commanded a brigade of Hooker's division of the 3d Corps. He succeeded Hooker in the command of this division, which he led in the battle of Antietam and Fredericksburg. He was commissioned a major general of volunteers November 29, 1862, and commanded the 3d corps at Chancellorsville May 2-4, 1863, and at Gettysburg July 2, where he lost a leg. He was appointed colonel of the 42d infantry regiment of the regular army July 28, 1866, and was commander of the second military district, North and South Carolina till August 26, 1867. In 1869 he was appointed minister to Spain, which office he resigned in 1874. He married a Spanish lady as his second wife.

A Curious Medal.

Can any of the readers of the Question Bureau send us the history of a copper medal, the size of an old-fashioned cent, which is inscribed as follows: Obverse—Hog running, in center; "My third hunt," 1834. Above, "My victory." Underneath, "Down with the bank." In circle around, "Perish credit, Perish commerce," date, 1834. Reverse—In circle, "My experiment, my currency, my property," upon which the patent has been issued. This would be a very great hardship, as crops, though abundant, bring very low prices, and as the land is subject to taxation, only charge from three to ten per cent. per month for money, and there would be very few who could stand such rates. Then again the Secretary of the Interior, the United States commissioner, holds itself to his patents, and would let one be issued until he knows that the party claiming same has never been off his land and making the improvements, etc., as required and solemnly, substantiated by the evidence of two witnesses showing the amount of stock he has on hand, how many chickens he has eaten during his residence, etc. Even then, after years, the time of which I quote, changes are that he will send one of his spies out, and if you happen to be at church or visiting, it is probable that upon receiving the spies report that he will cancel your patent on the ground of want of faith with the government. The writer made final proof October 3, 1885, on his land and up to this date has not received his patent. Still pressed for money, he could sell all of the west would be compelled to make an assignment for the benefit of creditors, if they were compelled to support state, county and school, as well as erect bridges over our streams and make roads. He is compelled to pay all of the taxes for these purposes, and support their families beside, while waiting for the "How." Commissioner to issue patents for land in order to render it subject to taxation.

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Yours for Health

20 Years Record.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, EFFICACIOUS, IMMEDIATE AND LASTING IN ITS EFFECT. IN LIQUID, PILL OR LOZENGE FORM, (6 FOR $5.) EITHER OF THE LATTER SENT BY MAIL.

Lydia E. Pinkham

SECURE FROM OBSERVATION, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. MRS. PINKHAM'S "GUIDE TO HEALTH" AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR MAILED TO ANY LADY SENDING ADDRESS AND STAMP TO LYNN, MASS. *Mention this Paper.*

ITS MERITS KEEP UP THE SALE.

IT IS A BLESSING TO OVERWORKED WOMEN. IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. CURES LEUCORRHŒA. MENSTUAL PERIODS PASSED *without* PAIN.

Physicians Use it and Prescribe It.

IT REVIVES THE DROOPING SPIRITS, INVIGORATES AND REGULATES THE ORGANIC FUNCTIONS, GIVES ELASTICITY AND FIRMNESS TO THE STEP, RESTORES THE NATURAL LUSTRE TO THE EYE, AND PLANTS ON THE PALE CHEEK OF WOMAN THE FRESH ROSES OF LIFE'S SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER TIME.

WEARY WOMEN PRAISE IT.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and it does all it claims to do.

It will cure entirely all ovarian or vaginal troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements; and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

THE *Woman's Sure Friend* FOR ALL DELICATE AND COMPLICATED TROUBLES. LADIES IT WILL NOT PERFORM SURGICAL OPERATIONS OR CURE CANCER, BUT IT WILL UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES, ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS OF NATURE. IT THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

Is All Sold by Druggists.

MRS. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION BILIOUSNESS AND TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, 25 CENTS.

found to any considerable extent. Thin beds of bituminous and block coal exist in the south eastern counties. The scarcity of coal renders more valuable the extensive beds of peats found in some parts of the State.

M. S. Draper, Akron, N. Y.

What does the figures and letters signify at the bottom of silverdimes cents. 2. How are milk routes in cities like Buffalo originated and regulated?

1. They indicate the length of time the advertisement is to be published. 2. Every milkman gets as many regular customers as he can.

Barber, Helper, Kan.:

What will keep hair from growing coarse? Also, what will make hair grow fast?

One of the best things for the hair is a wash, consisting of a pint of alcohol, a tablespoonful of ammonia, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of quinine. Apply twice a week. If it causes a fine white dust in the head, wash it out clear with water.

G. B., Coberg, Ill.:

1. If a person subscribes for a paper for a certain length of time and pays up to that time, and they keep sending it after the time is up can they make him pay for the papers they send after the time is up if he does not tell them to stop it? 2. If a person has not subscribed for a paper and they send him copies of it right along, will he have to pay for it?

1. Yes. 2. If you accept the paper you must pay for it.

C. E. McL., Logansport, Ind.:

Please inform me through the Question Bureau, as soon as possible, the names of the Republican papers published at Chattanooga, Tenn. If there are no Republican name the others.

To all such inquiries we have but one answer—call at any newspaper office in your town and ask to see a newspaper directory. Every office has one, and it contains full information about all the newspapers of the country.

S. E. L., West Salem, O.:

1. Is Nasby the author of any poetry beside "Plain Language?" 2. What has become of J. N. Matthews, a former poetical contributor of the BLADE? 3. Is there a law to prohibit riding or driving on a sidewalk outside of a corporation?

1. Yes, he has written a number of secular poems, besides having contributed to several religious poems to the New York *Independent* 2. His contributions still appear occasionally in the BLADE. 3. This is regulated by ordinance by local corporation.

C., Delano, Minn.:

1. Do cadets receive pay while attending the military academy at West Point? If so, how much? 2. How long does it require to complete the course, and what is the chance for admission into the service after graduation?

1. The pay of a cadet is $500 a year and one ration, against which are charged his board, clothing, books, stationery and other items of expense. 2. Four years. On graduation he is commissioned as second lieutenant of infantry, cavalry or artillery, according to the duties he may be judged competent to perform.

C. Hass, Pleasant View, Mo. To make a quart of intensely black ink, the following will be found to answer every purpose. Aleppo galls (well bruised), four ounces; clean soft water, one quart; put into an iron mortar pot, bottle for ten days, or even longer, with frequent agitation; then add one and one-quarter ounces gum-arabic dissolved in a wineglass full of water; lump sugar, one-half ounce; mix well and afterwards add one and a half ounces sulphate of iron (green copperas); agitate occasionally for two or three days. It writes pale at first, but quickly turns to an intense black.

Mrs. A. C. P., Kimmundy, Ill.

1. Please state how many in the United States there are of the denomination known as Missionary Baptist. 2. How many christians in full that go by the name of Baptist, or that believe in immersion of believers, are the only mode of christian baptism. 3. How many Pedobaptists in the Until States.

The latest official publications of the church give the following figures regarding the Baptists:

	Churches.	Minisrs'.	Memb's
Baptist	26,060	16,596	2,226,327
Baptist Home Mission	400	400	40,000
Baptist, Free Will	1,432	1,213	78,912
Baptist, Seventh Day	94	110	8,539
Baptist, Six Principle	20	12	2,000
Totals	27,506	18,331	2,424,878

M. A. Gibeney, Rich Hill, Mo.

Please explain the difference between the "Tonic Sol Fa" system of vocal music and our common system.

In the latter the first note, or tonic, can have any pitch; but once fixed upon, all the others must follow in the given ratio of vibrations; thus if c makes 240 vibrations, then d in the same time must make 270, e, 300; f, 320; g, 360; a, 400; b, 450 and c, 480. The leading feature of the Tonic Sol Fa system is the recognition of the absolute identity, so far as intervals are concerned, of all the major scales. It changes the symbol of the tonic, or key note, upwards or downwards, and compels all the other notes of the scale to follow suit.

G. T. Hackler, Superior, Neb.:

Is there an instrument by which two or more messages may be sent on the same wire at the same time?

As far back as 1855, an inventor named Starke devised a method of sending two messages at the same time upon the same wire, and now not only is duplex telegraphy as it is called, but quadruplex telegraphy is in use all over the United States. The essential conditions for duplex telegraphy are: 1. That neither key should put in action the receiving magnet at its own end of the line; 2. That in all positions of the key the current be sent through a line of constant length and capacity. This is done by dividing the current from the battery at each end of the line equally between the line itself and an equivalent resistence coil and condenser, and winding the wire round the receiving magnets in such a way that the two parts of the current produce equal and opposite magnetism in the core of soft iron.

Roy P., Tustin, Mich.:

Where is or was Ryswick? The treaty of Ryswick was signed there after a war between England and France.

Ryswick is a village of the Netherlands, in the province of South Holland, two miles northeast of the Hague. A treaty of peace was concluded here in 1697 by Louis XIV of France, on the one part and the German Empire, England, Spain and Holland on the other, which terminated the long war that followed the league of Augsburg in 1689. By that treaty Louis acknowledged William of Orange as King of Great Britain and Ireland, and restored his conquests in Catalonia, and a large part of Flanders to Spain, and others on the Rhine, and also Lorraine to the German Empire; but Strasburg and other places in Alsace were definitely ceded to France. The villa where the treaty was concluded was demolished in 1793, and a commemorative pyramid was erected on the spot in 1792.

Sample Johnson, Bear Creek, Pa.:

Will you please give us a little history of George Washington's family; where born and when, and did he have any brothers and sisters, and if so, what were their names?

The great-grand-father of George Washington emigrated to Virginia about 1657. George Washington was the son of Augustine Washington and his second wife Mary Ball. George was born in the family homestead, in a parish called by the family name Washington, Virginia, near Pope's creek, a small tributary of the Potomac. This house was burned during his boyhood, when his father removed to a house on the Rappahannock, a short distance below Fredericksburg. Here he died in 1743, leaving a large landed property to his widow and five children. To his eldest son Lawrence he bequeathed an estate on the Potomac, afterward known as Mount Vernon. George Washington had ever been the favorite of his elder brother Lawrence and after leaving school passed much of his time at Mount Vernon.

More Pointed Than Polite.

Wife—"You haven't been inside of a church since we were married—there!"

Husband—"No; a burnt child dreads the fire."

Asthma Can Be Cured.

As a proof, a free trial bottle sent to any one. Taft Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

Taxing Lands Before Receipt of Patent.

A Subscriber, Alma, Neb.:

It is not uncommon for lands to be taxed before patent is received. I myself had 160 acres sold for taxes before receiving patent or knowing that it was on the tax lists. It seems that when proof is made regularly and straight, the state officials order the land placed on the respective county tax rolls long before patent is received.

Miscellaneous.

Eugene Baker, Little Valley, Ks.: Lippincott's Gazateer does not contain the name of the place you mention.

Constant Reader, Waterloo, Ia.: You do not specify plainly enough the class of people whose addresses you desire.

Chas. Haines, Adrian, Mich.: You are referred specially referred to the second rule at the head of this department.

Fred A. Humphrey, Lanes Mills, Pa.: You should send your stone containing minerals to some assayist for analysis.

J. O. McGrew, Jewett, O.: The list of governors of the states and their politics was published in this column in the issue of March 3 last.

G. N., Kerr's Creek, Va.: For information regarding instrument for finding one's age see the answer (No. 2) to J. N. B., Maynardsville, Tenn., in the Bureau of March 24, 1887.

W. E. H., Spartansburg, Pa.: If you will send your full address and return postage to J. C. Woodward, Tiraco, Pacific county, Washington Territory, he will send you the poem want.

F. Cartwright, Claremont, Minn.: For information regarding the settlement of Indian reservations, write to John D. C. Atkins, commissioner of Indian affairs, Washington, D. C.

Anxious, Mason, Ill.:

Would like to know how to pack eggs for shipping to send quite a distance.

Eggs for transportation are usually packed in bran, oats or meal.

A Reader, Jessup, Neb.:

Will you please inform me through your columns what year the large "comet" was in, whether in 1881 or 1882?

September 6, 1882.

Mrs. B. Bush, Salem, Neb.: Your question about dower can be answered more satisfactorily to yourself by a lawyer than through the columns of a newspaper, especially as the data you send us insufficient for us is to form an opinion.

S. Z., Logansport, W. Va.:

As there are several millionaire Vanderbilts you should specify distinctly whose address you want. T. J. Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, will be able to furnish you with a copy of Josephus.

S. T. Hills, Durango, Cal.: The BLADE some time ago in its news columns, published full sketches of Henry George and T. V. Powderly. To reproduce them now, would occupy space that should be given to new questions that have never before appeared.

Harry Smith, Rush Center, Kans.: It is impossible for the BLADE to give the alphabets of the various languages, as you request, inasmuch as we have not the type. Perhaps T. J. Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, can furnish you with books containing the necessary information.

Mrs. M. J. S., Arcadia, Kansas:

The Woman's Bank Commission of the Harlam Commons claimants' trust suit filed in the United States Circuit court, published in the BLADE, February 17.

Nothing new has transpired since that account was published.

W. S., Salona, Door County, Wis.:

If the keys of an instrument are constantly exposed to the air does it have a tendency to make them yellow or otherwise?

Whether the keys of the keys of instruments to air causes them to shrink, and after many years become brittle. Age causes them to turn yellow.

Subscriber, Maltawan, Mich.:

Has a newly appointed postmaster a right to go and demand the postoffice from the old one before the new man has got his commission or papers from the government.

He has a right to demand it, but he cannot take official possession until the arrival of his papers.

W. E. B., Huron, Beadle Co., Dako'a.

Is there any coal mines in the State of Nebraska; if any, what counties are they in?

1. Minerals in Nebraska have not been

His Dark Walk in the Future.

"Some friends of mine, and among them a disciple of Bergh, were walking through Cork, and saw a boy of 16 beating a donkey. Said the member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals: 'Boy, stop beating your brother!' and as quick as flash the boy answered, 'I won't, father!' I said to an Irish fiveryman, 'Give me a good horse for a long ride.' 'All right, your honor. The best in the world.' The horse broke down in half an hour, and I said, 'You rascal, why did you cheat me in this way?' 'Sure, your honor, that horse is all right, but he is a very intelligent baste, and knowing you are a stranger he wants you to have time to see the scenery.' As I was bidding farewell to Ireland I said to my faithful attendant, 'Good-by, Pat,' 'Good-by, yer honor. May God bless you, and may every hair in your head be a candle to light your soul to glory.' 'Well, Pat,' I said, showing him my bald pate, 'when that time comes there won't be much of a torchlight procession.'"—*Chauncey Depew.*

An Improvident Girl.

"Maud has taken a severe cold," remarked Clara. "She is threatened with pneumonia."

"How did she take cold?" asked Ella.

"She went sleigh riding the other evening with her brother."

"With her brother? How improvident!"

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A POSITIVE CURE for every form of Skin and Blood Disease from PIMPLES to SCROFULA

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

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FARMS GROWING SMALLER.

The Official Figures go to Show the Falsity of Henry George's Assertion.

Henry George's favorite assertion is that the tendency is to fewer real estate owners, fewer farm proprietors, and larger land estates—in other words, towards a monopoly of land. Hence his scheme of land confiscation and rental to state tenants in limited quantities. But the tendency in American is not, as George tries to make it appear, towards land monopoly and fewer owners, but, just the contrary, towards greater distribution. Death is a great distributor. It counteracts all the agency of land absorption. The census reports bear ample testimony on this point. The subdivision of land has more than kept pace with the increase of population. In 1860 there were 2,044,077 farms in the United States, in 1870 the number had increased to 2,659,985, and in 1880 the number of farms had reached 4,008,907, and by the law of averages the number must now be close on five millions. This increase is only partly cause by the making of new farms in the west, but is largely due to the subdivision of farms in the older states, as the following table giving the number of farms in the United States, compiled from then census report, will show:

State.	1880.	1870.	1860.
Alabama	135864	67892	55125
Arkansas	94433	49424	39004
Connecticut	36958	25606	25180
Delaware	8749	7615	6658
Florida	23438	10240	6568
Georgia	136626	69656	62003
Illinois	255741	202803	142310
Indiana	194013	161289	131826
Iowa	185351	116292	61163
Kansas	138561	32202	10400
Kentucky	166453	118422	90314
Louisiana	48292	28471	17328
Maine	64309	59804	55698
Maryland	40517	27000	25494
Massachusetts	38406	26500	35601
Michigan	154008	98786	64422
Minnesota	92386	46070	18181
Mississippi	101772	68023	42840
Missouri	215575	148328	92792
Nebraska	68387	12301	2789
New Hampshire	32181	29642	30501
New Jersey	34307	30652	27646
New York	241058	216253	196990
North Carolina	157609	93565	75203
Ohio	247489	195653	175989
Pennsylvania	213542	174041	156357
Rhode Island	6216	5368	5406
South Carolina	93864	51899	33171
Tennessee	136650	118141	82368
Texas	174198	61125	42891
Vermont	53522	33827	31556
Virginia	118517	73849	92605
West Virginia	62679	48778	.....
Wisconsin	134322	102904	69270
Total for United States	4008907	2659985	2044077

Every state, it will be observed, has a largely increased number of farms. Old-settled states like New York and Connecticut make an increase of over 10 per cent per decade, while states like Iowa and Missouri increased in the decade of 1870-1880 at the rate of 60 per cent. The number of farms in Kansas was more than quadrupled in the same time, and the number of farms in Minnesota doubled. Notwithstanding these facts, Mr. George has had the manihood to say in the *North American Review:*

"The mechanical inventions which are revolutionizing agriculture *must* give rise to such concentrating tendencies in that industry as similar inventions have given rise to in other branches of production. The small farmer is disappearing by the virtue of the same law under which the hand-loom disappeared."

This is both a declaration of a suppos

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ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

A Comprehensive Article on Wiping Out the Rum Traffic by Law, From the Pen Mr. D. R. Locke.

We are glad to announce to the readers of the BLADE, and to every friend of Prohibition, that a special article on wiping out the Rum traffic by law will, appear in the Weekly BLADE in the course of three or four weeks. This paper will be the strongest effort of Mr. LOCKE'S life, and probably the most powerful article ever written upon this topic.

It will be a forceful appeal to every citizen, to every member of every political party, to every father, to every mother, to every brother, to every sister, to every statesman, to every true American, on the subject of the legal destruction of the Rum traffic.

It will be the most effective article on this subject that ever came from the powerful and incisive pen of Mr. LOCKE. It should be read by everybody in the United States who is interested in the question—and who is there who is *not* interested?

Our object in announcing this brilliant article so early is to call on the Temperance people of every section of the United States to see that the issue of the BLADE containing it has the widest possible circulation.

Special copies sent, postpaid, for 2 cents each; or, in quantities, postpaid, at $2 per 100. We will send 500 and 1,000 lots, postpaid, to *one* address, at 1½ cent per copy.

We call on all Temperance organizations everywhere, upon all the friends of temperance, to circulate this masterly effort by thousands and tens of thousands. Send in your orders at once for the quantity you need, accompanied by the cash. Circulate them in every town, every village, every school district in the land.

THE BALEFUL POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF THE SALOON.

The feeling is deepening among the masses of the American people that the saloon must go, because of its terribly debasing influences. It acts as a blight upon its entire surroundings, wherever it may be. Let a saloon be started at any given point, and you will find there, especially during the evenings, when men have leisure, the shiftless, the idle, the discontented, the worthless representatives of the adjacent community. You will not find the thrifty mechanic, the industrious clerk or workingman, the energetic business man there. But you will find their opposites every time. If there is a man who is a shipshod mechanic, an idler, a man fond of talking and airing his half-baked opinions on matters and things in general, they can all be found loafing in the saloon.

And in the larger cities, where men are more closely packed together than in rural villages and the smaller towns, you will find a still worse class of characters in the lower dives and saloons. As you go down the descending scale in your explorations, you will find the coarse and ignorant class of men, who have no aspirations higher than the gratification of their appetites. They can not read, or do not care to read. The divine thirst for knowledge has never taken possession of their besotted souls. To eat and drink and be merry—especially to drink—is their highest ideal of earthly happiness. This is an element too common in our American life, and one fraught with great danger to our free institutions. For all men possess the ballot, and these men are not fitted for the trusts and duties of citizenship. They are the ready prey of demagogues and political self-seekers, and from their ranks come the voters whose ballots can be bought for Rum.

As you go still lower, scaling the deeps of human depravity as exhibited in the frequenters of the lowest class of saloons, you find the distinctively vicious and criminal classes. You find men who will not work, even if honest labor at fair pay be offered them. They prefer to live in dishonest ways—by theft and robbery, upon the price of the shame of their wives or daughters, or in some other of the vile ways known only to the slums of a great city. Yet these men wield the ballot, and the ticket, dropped into the box by one of them, has just as much power in deciding who shall fill our executive offices, who shall sit upon the seat of justice in our courts, who shall be trusted with the grave responsibility of making our laws, as the ticket in the hands of an honest, self-respecting, educated and intelligent citizen.

The saloon is an evil in numberless ways; but especially is it an evil in that it makes itself a focus, a rallying-point, for these dangerous classes of society. Not only of the passively dangerous, the ignorant and unlearned, but the actively dangerous—the men who turn of their own free choice to rice and crime rather than to honest labor and a pure life. It brings these men together, it affords them a common meeting-point, it encourages their combination to compass evil and wrong-doing that would be impossible or impracticable to but one alone, or two or three. The saloon, we repeat, is especially an evil in that it is a club-room for the vicious and criminal classes, a primary school wherein the foolish, the ignorant, become inoculated with the warped views of life held by the criminal classes, and in the end become recruits for this army of vice, which is a menace to the peace and prosperity of the nation.

But the evil, great as it is, does not stop here. The natural influence of association is supplemented by a far stronger force, which cements these evil elements together as a political power. The facts that men loaf in saloons, that a saloon loafer is venal, and can be purchased, and that the saloon-keepers exercise a strong influence over this whole class of bar-room habitues, long ago were seized upon by the political tricksters, the men who pack the caucuses and make a living out of a traffic in the votes of the worst classes of the voting population. Nor did it escape the saloon-keepers themselves. The readiest road to municipal office in New York city was long ago declared to be through keeping a gin-mill in one of the poorer wards of the city, densely populated by the ignorant, depraved and foreign-born classes of people. The famous "boodle" board of aldermen of 1884 was largely made up of successful saloon-keepers, who reached the positions they disgraced through the votes of the saloon-loafer element.

When a man becomes a slave to Rum, he loses all that high sense of honor which would make him scorn to sell his vote, or take a bribe, or otherwise disgrace his manhood. When a man has soaked his physical system with alcoholic poison, his mental and moral nature shares the deterioration of the body. The mind is imbruted, the morals destroyed. The man is willing, in order to satiate his burning thirst for Rum, to sell his very soul to the man who will supply him with the accursed stuff. To such a man the sale of his ballot is a trivial thing to do. And when one comes to consider the number of saloons in any city, and calculate the number of vicious, depraved, ignorant, drunken hangers-on that depend upon each, the magnitude of this "saloon vote" begins to dawn upon his mind; and if he be a thinking man, he cannot help being shocked and startled at the revelation.

The saloon is a club-room for all the dangerous and depraved classes of the community. Through the absolute domination which the Rum thirst exercises over every man who has become a victim of the Rum habit, these classes can, as a rule, be voted by the saloon-keeper or by some political wire-puller who is hand in glove with the saloonist, as absolutely as if they had no wills of their own. We have here the secret of the misgovernment of our cities, of the wasteful extravagance in municipal affairs, the result of unworthy and self-seeking men getting into office through such means, which burdens our tax-payers. There is but one remedy for this state of things, and it is to crush the saloon. Destroy the headquarters of these dissolute and degraded men, and you destroy the bond of cohesion which holds them together. Individually they are not powerful. All the danger arises from their combination, under unprincipled control.

The saloon is a political factor of dire portent to the nation. To destroy its political influence, the saloon itself will have to be destroyed. And if we set out to find ways and means to compass its destruction, we will speedily see that there is but one sure method. To destroy the saloon we must destroy the Rum traffic by Prohibition. The Rum Power is becoming a vast and threatening political power through the "saloon vote," a power whose influence is always for the wrong and never for the right, manipulated by evil men for their own base ends, a menace to civil liberty. It is time that the patriotic people of the nation, who desire the perpetuity of our free institutions, should unite in the mighty effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

THE indications are that all the offices yet remaining at the disposal of the President will be speedily filled by selected aspirants from the ranks of the "hungry and thirsty" Bourbons. The *National Republican*, Washington, says:

The President has requested the postmaster general to make a list of all presidential postmasters who have not been removed since the incoming of the present administration. It is stated from reliable sources that this action will be followed by the removal of every postmaster on the list designated; that the President, no longer being restricted by the tenure of office act, which was repealed by the last Congress, will see that these offices are filled by his appointments.

This is as it should be. There are something less than a hundred candidates for every office at his disposal, and the ninety and nine who will be left out in the cold, with all their friends and their friends' friends, will swell the chorus of disappointment and rage that will prove so powerful a factor in retiring the whilom sheriff of Erie county to private life at the expiration of his present term.

BY the end of the present fiscal year all the 3 per cents will have been paid off, and there are no more bonds due for several years. The Democratic party has worried itself gray-headed for years over the payment of the debt, and what to do with the surplus in the treasury, but its alleged statesmen do not seem to have the ability to handle a financial problem of greater magnitude than paying ten cents for a glass of whisky. A Republican administration would do what former Republican administrations did—go on the market, buy bonds, and retire them, as fast as the available cash on hand would allow it to be done. This would be a plain, common sense, business-like proceeding. It would stop the interest on the purchased bonds, and put that much more money in circulation. But no one can expect a Democratic administration to attend to business in a common-sense way.

UP to the close of the last Congress the total number of vetoes by Presidents of the United States was 476, of which 143 were by CLEVELAND. Presidents MONROE and LINCOLN each only vetoed one bill. CLEVELAND is the first incumbent of the Presidential office who has dared so attempt to discipline Congressmen, and bulldoze them into an acceptance of his views upon legislation. Narrow in mental endowments, with an exaggerated opinion of his own importance, and an utter incapacity to observe the dividing line between the executive and legislative departments of the national government, he is stubborn enough to undertake the role of autocrat. Somebody should remind Mr. CLEVELAND of the lamentable fate of HUMPTY DUMPTY in the nursery ballad.

SHALL the national bank system be preserved, or shall it be allowed to perish? The gradual payment of the bonds which are the basis of and security for their circulation, is gradually but surely reducing the volume of their notes, and will eventually extinguish their circulation entirely, if some radical change in the law under which they were created is not made. The total national bank circulation of the country at the present time is $286,700,000, which is a reduction of about $45,000,000 since January 1, 1885, and of $27,300,000 since January 1, 1886—one year and three months. Should this rate of decrease continue, their circulation will all be extinguished in about eleven years.

SEC. ENDICOTT is a typical mugwump. He has that queer idea, peculiar to the mugs, that he is born with a natural aptitude which can take the place of special training. Just now he is endeavoring to show Lieut. Gen. SHERIDAN that he is better able to command the army than the latter. He began operations by refusing to let SHERIDAN appoint the members of his own staff, and now he refuses to permit him to decide what officers ought to be detailed for regimental adjutants and quartermasters.

IT is proposed to hold an international conference of business men in Montreal at an early date, to discuss the business relations of the United States and Canada. A determined attitude on the part of the business interests affected by the troubles between the two countries will do more than anything else to compel an honorable and mutually satisfactory settlement of the dispute.

"PER ASPERA AD ASTRA."

Mr. SHERMAN seems, in the view of many citizens, as if he were looking after his fences. Mr. BLAINE has aroused from his study down in Maine, and also takes a little constitutional out to the mountains. It is twelve months till the contest to secure delegates begins. The Republican party, in order to win, must put in nomination a strong man. That party has a large element within its ranks who have very sensitive organs of detection, in the case of a fault, in any other member, especially if this latter member is a candidate and the former is not. It is very proper, therefore, that we should be up and doing, and freely and fully and fairly canvass the merits of the coming man.

We think very highly of JOHN SHERMAN for any place. He belongs to a family that has earned a record, and may be considered entitled to consideration from the republic, outside of any party or creed following. He has further exhibited a great and comprehensive brain individually. He has been one of the foremost men of our country since he was first placed at the head of the Treasury under Mr. HAYES. He is by nature a born leader in civil affairs, as is his brother in war. He has arrived at an age when he can be fairly estimated, and where the presumption may be ventured that he can be trusted with his future absolutely, or not at all.

He comes from Ohio which so far has furnished less than one-third the number of Presidents that Virginia has. Ohio is the third state in population in our Union, and in some ways surpasses all others in native possibilities. Mr. SHERMAN has courage, as well as no little inventive genius. He is a Protectionist. He has large faith in the "American idea." He believes in the Monroe doctrine. He believes in an American navy. He believes in American seacoasts. He believes in American rivers and harbors. He believes in American industries. He believes in the Nicaragua canal. He believes in American water commerce. He believes in the potential idea that the United States has a mission, and that a part of it is to earn the claim to attract to itself one and all of the islands of the Caribbean sea, and the dry land of North and South America. Perhaps not to dominate them as a unit, for it is doubtless better otherwise; but he believes that a distinct civilization is our and their destiny. He believes in a reform of the civil service system, until we may claim to be not more than a thousand years behind China in that regard.

Mr. BLAINE will, also, not be uncertain as to his platform. Mr. HAWLEY is to be heard from, and Mr. EDMUNDS, and Mr. INGALLS, and Mr. EVARTS, and several others, who are liable to seek a nomination, when the convention of 1888 is assembled.

THE GUILFORD MILLER CASE.

The unjust decision of the department of Justice at Washington—the name of which is a travesty so long as Pan-Electric GARLAND is kept at its head—by which GUILFORD MILLER'S little farm was taken away from him, and turned it over to the Northern Pacific railway, promises to have important political consequences. The circumstances of this bit of iniquity are as follows:

Three years ago, MILLER, a poor man and homestead settler, took up a piece of public land 50 miles ontside the domain of the company, built a cabin on it, and went to work improving it. Other settlers took up land near him, increasing the value of his property. Then the company put in a claim to it as "indemnity land" under the provision of the act of Congress authorizing the land grant railroads to take up enough land outside the limits of the grants to compensate them for the loss of such lands as had already been taken up by settlers; and the department of Justice has allowed the claim of the railway, and MILLER is thrown out, without redress.

The angry feeling excited by this decision, which menaces other settlers in MILLER'S case with the loss of their homes, is not confined to the Far West, it appears. "We are going," said THOMAS B. MCGUIRE, of the executive board of the Knights of Labor, Philadelphia, "to demand that Attorney General GARLAND be removed and that some man with intellect and moral honesty be appointed by the President. If Pres. CLEVELAND refuses to do justice in this matter, the whole organization of the Knights of Labor will remember it and use it to his sorrow at the proper time."

SPECIMEN COPIES.

Send us, please, the name and address of every friend you have in the world, to whom we may send specimen copies of the WEEKLEY BLADE. It makes no difference where they are located, north, south, east or west, for the BLADE circulates in every state and territory, and, by the way it is the only paper that does. Send in the names and do your friends a favor. You can get a great many addresses on a postal card.

ALIENS RUNNING THE GOVERNMENT.

It has been shown recently that a large proportion of the naval and other government employes are aliens—in the employ of the nation, yet not citizens. This fact has created comment, and a bill has just been introduced in Congress providing for the dismissal from any branch of the government service of all persons not citizens of the United States, and prohibiting hereafter the appointment of any such. It has just been shown in an official document that we have representing us in consular and other capacities a considerable number of men who owe their allegiance to foreign governments. Of all positions under the government, those abroad should most certainly be filled by American citizens, and if, as it is said, the compensation at many places is not sufficient to tempt acceptance by our own citizens, then the offices at such places should either be abolished or the compensation raised. There is said not to be a department in Washington that is not full of unnaturalized foreigners, many of them in lucrative and highly responsible positions, and aliens are said to be in the federal government's employ all over the country. This is utterly and entirely wrong, and though the bill just introduced has but the slightest chance of passage in the brief fragment of the session which yet remains, yet it should be pushed through next December at the earliest possible moment. It is getting to be a positive drawback to a man in this country to be a native-born American.

THE District commissioners have at last determined to enforce the law regarding the closing of saloons of the city on Sundays. On last Sunday every saloon was closed, and the majority of them had their blinds raised so that a full view of the interior could be had from the street. This was because of a notification from the commissioners that the license of any dealer who infringed the Sunday law would be peremptorily revoked. Given a set of officials with backbone, and the enforcement of law becomes easy. The attention of the executive of Toledo is respectfully called to the above facts.

THE iron market is reported on the decline. Pig iron has declined 50 cents a ton, and muck iron $1.50 per ton, during the past month. Considerable high grade iron has been sold by the agents of foreign manufacturers. The grand mistake of the iron men was in rushing prices up to the importing point, so that foreign manufacturers could come in and sell. They are taking the right course—putting the price down so as to cut off the foreign iron.

HERE'S A STATE OF THINGS!

His Satanic Majesty is to pay among the Indiana Democracy. The immediate cause of it all is, that there are not enough offices in the United States, at the disposal of the President, to satisfy the office-seekers of the Hoosier Democracy alone. Your true Indiana Democrat is a Democrat for revenue only. His political creed, since March 4, 1885, has been the short simple formula: "I voted for GROVER CLEVELAND—hence I am entitled to an office."

It is to be remembered that Indiana, of all the states of the Union, was the one in which the Republicans were bundled out of office as speedily as possible, and Democrats put in. The effect of this was exactly the opposite of what was intended. It was supposed that the party would be encouraged, consolidated and augmented by this prompt filling of official positions with Democrats. The fact was overlooked that there were anywhere from 100 to 1,000 applicants for each and every position, and where one man got an office there were from 99 to 999 disappointed Democrats of the "hungry and thirsty" stripe so graphically described by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, to make the welkin ring with their yells of rage and disappointment.

The inevitable result was that the fellows who were Democrats for office alone either voted the Republican ticket out of revenge, or sulked and did not vote at all. Hence the Republican victory in the state last fall. And as time passes, and the Indianians grow hungrier and thirstier, the dissatisfaction increases. All the offices—or very nearly all—are disposed of, and a combined assault has been made on the President, the heads of departments, and, in fine, on anybody and everybody who is supposed to have a single position at his disposal. VOORHEES has been in Washington ever since Congress adjourned, trying to get places for his constituents. And now comes CLEVELAND, the ingrate, and intimates that Indiana is too strongly Republican to make it worth fighting for in 1888; that Indiana and her Bourbons may go where they will politically, and he will endeavor to capture Connecticut as a set-off for the Republican conquest of the Hoosier state.

We may remind our Democratic brethren that the same state of affairs exists in Virginia. In that state the clamor for office was so loud that the Republicans were all turned out, neck and crop, only to have the pleadings for place changed into curses at CLEVELAND because there were not enough Federal positions in the state to give every white Democrat an office.

We trust Mr. CLEVELAND will persevere, and change every official who is a Republican. We can think of nothing that would insure the overwhelming defeat of the Democratic party in 1888 so surely as such a proceeding on his part. We join our entreaties to those of the Democratic brethren that he will bounce all Republicans and put a Democrat in every possible position. For each one who gets a chance to warm his toes, there will be ninety and nine who will yet remain in outer darkness, wandering on the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion of discontent roareth, and the whangdoodle of mugwumpery mourneth for civil service reform.

PROHIBITION IN RHODE ISLAND.

A friend in Michigan writes us that the charge is widely circulated by the minions of the Rum Power in that state, that the workings of the Prohibitory law in Rhode Island are unsatisfactory. A letter of inquiry was accordingly sent to Chief BRAYTON, of the Rhode Island state police, who who answered it as follows:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 18, 1887.

DEAR SIR:—I am very glad to have a chance to reply to statements mentioned in your letter alleged to have been made by me. I have never said that Prohibition in Rhode Island did not prohibit.

It is not true that there are more open places for selling liquor in Providence than there were before the law went into operation, and I have always maintained this fact in public and private.

The newspapers opposed to Prohibition will state any untruth to further their ends. I do not favor a return to license system, and our legislature has just promptly indefinitely postponed, with an almost unanimous vote, a proposition to rescind the Prohibition amendment.

The legislature will strengthen the law as desired by the friends of Prohibition. I send a copy of my report, and will send as many as you wish free of charge. Respectfully,

C. R. BRAYTON, Chief of State Police.

OUR SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

If you have not done so already, examine our magnificent scheme of premiums and enter the lists for one of them. No matter whether you get a premium or not, you will be well paid for what you do, IN MONEY. You may reach the Piano, but whether or no, you can lose nothing, and are certain to make a welcome addition to your pocket money for the winter. Men or women, boys or girls, there is room for all. We want a good worker at every post-office. Send for our special terms to club-raisers, and learn what you can do, and what you will get for it.

THE Dakota people are very restive under the treatment they have received at the hands of the Democratic majority in Congress. And it is to be remembered that the people of that territory are all emigrants from the states. They have friends and relatives in the states which elect Congressmen and Presidents, although, being residents of a territory, they can not vote themselves for such officials. Friendship, and the ties of blood, and personal solicitation, will do much in the way of controlling a closely contested election. Said a Washington gentleman, who has lately returned from Dakota, to a correspondent, upon this subject:

Citizens of the territory have good cause for indignation, and no one will blame them for acting. How will they work against the President? By writing millions of letters to their friends in the states, calling attention to the treatment of the territory and her people by the administration. Why, they can have more influence than any one state in the Union, unless possibly New York is excepted. They have a pitiful story of their wrongs to tell, and they tell it well and with force. Besides, they propose to use a fund against Cleveland if he is renominated. They also oppose him because he has appointed so many outside men to the territorial offices.

THE new extradition treaty between the United States and Russia is notable in two respects. It broadens the usual application of extraditable offences to embezzlement of both public and private moneys,—something that Great Britain and this country will have to come to eventually. The treaty, in the second place, takes the murder of a sovereign from the list of political offenses. This clause reads:

The murder or manslaughter comprising the willful or negligent killing of a sovereign or chief magistrate of the state or of any member of his family, as well as an attempt to commit or participate in the said crimes, shall not be considered an offense of a political character.

This might be construed so as to apply to every member of the extreme Nihilist party who has come to this country to avoid arrest, provided its reputed object of taking the life of the Czar could be proved. If Russia should claim that membership of a nihilist organization was *prima facie* evidence of "an attempt to commit or participate in the said crimes," and demand the surrender accordingly, it might seriously complicate matters.

THE speeches of Sen. SHERMAN in the South are frightening the Democratic brethren. The New York *Sun* remarks:

His appeal to the old Whig sentiment, once so powerful in Tennessee and other Southern states, was particularly adroit. Of course he cares very little for the old Whigs. He is after the young Democrats of the South, and he has struck the one chord by which alone, if rash counsels should prevail in the Democracy, the Southern Democrats, or at least Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee, might be brought into unison with the Republican party.

PRINCE FERDINAND, of Saxe-Coburg, is a rash young man, who has not the fear of the Czar before his eyes. He has written to the Sobranje expressing his desire to be nominated for the Bulgarian throne.

NEW PORTRAIT OF BEECHER.

The BLADE offers to its subscribers, postpaid by mail, for 25 cents, an entirely new portrait of HENRY WARD BEECHER, printed on extra heavy plate paper, size 21x28. This portrait is the best one of BEECHER ever made. It is larger, and superior in execution to the portraits we have heretofore published of the great generals and eminent divines. It retails in the East at $1, and we ought to get 50 cents at least. However, for a short time we offer to mail single copies securely packed and postpaid, for 25 cents. Order soon, as we shall withdraw the announcement after a few weeks.

DEFEATED IF RENOMINATED.

That bright new weekly review, the New York *Epoch*, continues the publication of personal views regarding CLEVELAND'S administration. In is last number it gives the opinions of JOSEPH W. HARPER, JR., evidently mugwumpian in his views; S. V. WHITE, and Gen. STEWART L. WOODFORD, Republicans. Mr. HARPER, as might be expected, lays much stress upon the President's performance in the line of civil service reform, in a quite approving strain, apparently in ignorance of the fact that the civil service law was passed and put in operation under a Republican administration. We agree with him that the system will continue, and that the time will come when political service will form no claim for appointive office in any position lower than heads of departments, and that the public service will be conducted on the same principles as a successful private business.

Mr. WHITE and Gen. WOODFORD both condemn the foreign policy (if it can be dignified with the name of policy) of the administration. The former vigorously declares it to be "a national disgrace," and that Mr. BAYARD is "the smallest peg that ever was set to fill so large a hole." Gen. WOODFORD says, that "in regard to Canadian affairs the administration seems to have been hesitating and weak; while on the isthmus it has been reasonably prompt and vigorous." This is an extremely courteous way of drawing attention to the fact that in matters concerning a strong nation, the administration has been subservient and unpatriotic, while with a weak sister republic it has acted the bully, knowing there was nothing to fear. It will be seen that the vigorous English used by Mr. WHITE fits the case exactly.

The views expressed by Gen. WOODFORD as to the reason why CLEVELAND will be beaten if he shall be re-nominated coincide exactly with those of all intelligent citizens who have carefully noted the utter incapacity of the Democratic party in Congress to develop leadership, or strike out a consistent line of policy, upon any public question, that shall meet with the support of the party at large or the Democratic contingent in Congress. He thinks the thing which will defeat CLEVELAND will be the fact that his re-election "would inevitably mean the continuance in power, in state and nation, of the of the Democratic party. The record and action of the Democracy in Congress * * * do not encourage the hope that the Democratic party, as an organization, has either the public virtue, or the true popular inspiration to secure to the state or nation really good, wise and progressive government." CLEVELAND is not all of the administration. His party will control public affairs, to a large extent, during his incumbency, and whatever of good there may be in his personal ideas, the past two years have demonstrated that he can neither influence nor control the course of the leaders of the Democracy in Congress. Hence he will be defeated in order to retire the Democratic party from power.

BRITISH RANCHES OUT WEST.

It appears that the English holders of cattle ranches in the United States are not making a brilliant success of the business, and it would not be at all surprising if this country should get rid of alien British landholders without the intervention of law. The *Pall Mall Gazette* mentions that the "Swan" company has lost £27,112 during the last year, adding another to the English cattle companies that have had a disastrous experience. It gives the following table, showing the past and present status of the leading ones of these British companies:

COMPANY.	Price 21st February. 1887	1886.	Dividends. 1885.	1884.
		p. c.	P. c.	P. c.
Prairie	26.0	80.0	none	10	10
Texas	32.6	87.6	none	5	6
Matador	73	105.0	none	6	6
Hansford	30.0	85.0	none	none	6
Arkansas	15.0	43.9	none	none	none
Pastoral	37.6	95.0	none	5	8
Western	77½	117½	5	10	15
Cattle Ranche	24.0	25.0	none	none	none
West'n Ran's	61.0	70.0	4	4	7
Swan	45.0	105.0	(1)	6	10

If this extremely unsatisfactory showing be taken in connection with the latest reports from the West, which state that from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. of the cattle on the ranges have died this year from the effects of the extremely rigorous weather, the story of no dividends and reduced surplus, or of no surplus at all, will be told in such manner as to make land and cattle speculation in this country rather unpopular abroad.

THE Wisconsin assembly did a scandalous thing last week. A bill was introduced requiring all railway companies in the state to furnish annual passes to all members of the legislature, elective state officers and members of the courts of record. It was amended, prohibiting railway companies from granting trip passes on the request of members of the legislature to friends of the latter, and then, after a sharp debate, the bill was passed by a vote of 49 to 33. Every man who voted for the bill should be defeated, if he ever dares to come before the people for election to any office. If these persons named in the bill are not able to pay their fare, the state should increase their salaries.

THE people of the South are waking up, and asking themselves whether their deep devotion to the Democratic party has anything more than prejudice for a basis. The following editorial utterance from the *Times*, a Democratic paper of Shreveport Louisiana, is significant:

We begin to ask ourselves what is the tie that binds Southern to Northern Democracy? It is easy to discern where the respective interests diverge, if we take a local view, and it looks very much as if the local view is the only view taken at this time. We have lost sight of the ancient landmarks, and we have not yet caught sight of new objects. The party as it stands to-day lacks coherency, it lacks strong, aggressive force.

THE interruption of diplomatic relations between this country and Austria, which has lasted since the KIELEY episode, is to be brought to an end. Austria sends Baron TAVERA as minister, as it devolved upon her to take the initiative. It is now intimated that our government will forego its partisanship in behalf of KEILEY, and will send a man to Vienna who is likely to prove acceptable. It may do so without any sacrifice of dignity. The blunder was very undignified from the beginning.

THE New York *Herald* is strongly in favor of turning Alaska into an United States penal colony, and of deporting thither all criminals in the various states, instead of sending them to penitentiaries. The idea is a good one. The question of the competition of convict labor with honest workingmen would thus be settled, and if the criminals never came back, the state would be the gainer by their absence.

IF you wish people to trade with you, invite them to do so, by a good advertisement in the columns of a widely-circulated newspaper.

HARD ON THE DRUMMERS.

The policy decided upon by the railroads of the country under the inter-state commerce law, of giving no special rate to commercial travelers, or "drummers," but of compelling them to pay the same rate as the general public for 1,000-mile tickets —$25, which is an increase of 25 per cent. —has called forth strong protests from the entire mercantile community. Its ultimate effect will be, that the public will pay the additional fare demanded, in higher prices for the merchandise sold by the great army of drummers that is constantly patrolling the country. The point has been pertinently made that the railways could have continued their old rate to the commercial travelers until the inter-state commission decided that it was an infringement of the law. It is to be remembered that the statute requires the commissioners, when they discover a violation of its provisions, to send official notification to the road or roads engaged in such violation, to cease doing so; and there is no penalty that can be inflicted, unless the roads persist in such violation after having received such notice. Hence it will be seen that if the $20 rate for 1,000-mile tickets to drummers is a violation of the law—which is by no means clear—it might be continued with perfect safety until some one would make complaint, in due form, to the commission, and the latter have reached a decision in the mooted point.

The Chicago *Tribune* calls attention to the extremely strict construction of the law by the roads on this particular point, in contrast to their extremely liberal interpretation of the clause of the inter-state commerce law which permits the issue of passes to "officers and employes" of railroads, which they stretch so as to cover the granting of free transportation to the families and relatives of their employes. We have no objection to the latter persons riding free, if the railways desire to allow it; but it is certainly making flesh of one and fowl of the other to interpret the law so liberally in their case, and to go to the utmost extreme of strictness in the case of the drummers. It gives color to the theory already broached that the great railway managers of the country are endeavoring to make the law as odious and onerous as possible to the public; for their action regarding 1,000-mile tickets for commercial men is a stab at the entire business interest of the country, and has already produced a decided feeling of hostility to the law among the people engaged in the distribution of articles of consumption. We think this hostility should be directed against the railway managers, and not against the law, for the reasons set forth above.

RAISE THE RATIO.

In 1890 the next census of the United States will be taken, and a new apportionment of the National House of Representatives will be made. At the ratio of increase of population shown heretofore, the United States will then have a population of at least 65,000,000. At the present ratio of representation—one Representative for every 152,000 of population—the House of Representatives would contain 421 members. The present House has 325 members, and that body is unwieldy. When in active session it is a great, noisy hive, too large to work effectively. One-half the number of members would do the work far better; and to increase its numbers by 100 more members would be only to increase the disadvantages under which public business is now done. The number of members should be reduced, and reduced largely. It will be necessary to do it eventually, and it might better be done under the next census than later.

But there will be desperate opposition to this common-sense, business-like plan. It will interfere with the aspirations of a vast number of the petty politicians, who care nothing for the best interests of the government if only they can have a better chance to work into office. There will be dozens of reasons, all of them apparently learned and logical, why this should not be done. We shall be told that it would be iniquitous, and unjust, and all that; that it will deprive the people of proper representation, and that the Goddess of Liberty will wipe her tear-drenched eyes on the folds of her peplum, and pack her trunk for fairer shores, should the number of men in the House of Representatives be lessened. The first House had one Representative to 30,000 inhabitants, and the ratio was gradually raised till in 1850 it stood at 93,000. In 1860 it was 127,000; in 1870, 131,000; and in 1880, 151,912.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

THE Maine House of Representatives has concurred in the Senate amendments to the House liquor bill, and it has been sent to Gov. BODWELL for his signature, which it will of course receive promptly. It will go into effect in its main feature on May 1. The bill makes the penalty on first conviction for selling liquor thirty days' imprisonment; prohibits the sale of cider for tippling purposes; makes the payment of a United States tax *prima facie* evidence of the illegal sale of liquors, because a druggist is not required to pay a tax for using liquors in compounding medicines, and imposes a penalty on railroad employes for unloading liquors outside of regular stations.

MR. W. F. WHITCHER, ex-commissioner of fisheries of the Dominion of Canada, says that the treaty of 1818 was never intended to prevent American fishermen from buying bait at Canadian ports. It was designed to prevent Americans from fishing for bait with seines or otherwise within the three-mile limit. Now if Mr. WHITCHER will kindly induce the pig-headed Dominion government to accept his interpretation of a treaty made 69 years ago, all may yet be well.

WHEN the inter-state commerce bill was pending in Congress last year, Mr. MORRISON strongly opposed it, saying it was "a humbug, intended only to provide soft places for men who would have nothing to do but ride over the country on free passes and board at the expense of the government." Mr. MORRISON is now an ex-congressman, and the President has appointed him a member of the commission created by the bill.

THE Nebraska legislature seems composed of a majority of fools. It has just passed a stringent libel law, fixing a maximum fine of $500 or six months' imprisonment for private persons issuing a libel, but in the case of newspapers, providing a penitentiary sentence of not less than one nor more than three years, without the alternative of a fine. Such a law is a disgrace to the state.

THE Civil Service Reform league, of Chicago, has filed with the Civil Service commission a formal complaint against ANTHONY J. SHERBURNE, collector of the port of Chicago, charging that he peremptorily demanded without cause the resignation of GEORGE A. WEBSTER, an honorably discharged Union soldier, and lately a clerk in the assessor's office in the Chicago custom house.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The four great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN and LUTHER, at the same price, the whole eight for $1.15. Order at once.

DARK DAYS FOR IRELAND.

There is no patriotic American, no true lover of liberty, whose blood does not grow hot in his veins as he reads the details of the abominable and tyrannical coercion bill, as unfolded in Parliament by BALFOUR, chief secretary for Ireland. Well may PARNELL say that it is one of the strongest coercion measures ever proposed in Parliament. Such language is too mild to characterize this most infamous measure.

The leading features of the measure are three in number: Abolition of the jury system; suppression of the Nationalist newspapers, and change of venue of the trial of government offenses. It is not proposed to abolish juries for all classes of crime. This is to be done only in cases of criminal conspiracy, boycotting, rioting, offenses under the "Whiteboy" acts, assaults on officers of the law, forcible and unlawful possession, and, lastly, cases of excitement of the foregoing offenses.

The only reason or justification offered by Mr. BALFOUR for this abolition of the jury system is "the difficulty of getting verdicts." In order, therefore, that the government may be able to secure a verdict, magistrates are to be given jurisdiction in the classes of cases mentioned above, with power to impose the maximum penalty of six months and imprisonment. And thus are Irishmen to be summarily cut off from that time-honored privilege, the grandest and most vital feature of English liberty—a trial by their peers.

This bill means that the Tory government has nothing to propose for Ireland but brute force. It reminds one of the horrible act of CROMWELL at Drogheda, two hundred years ago, when he gave the inhabitants the alternative of instant surrender or of death at sunrise. The Irish never surrender, and the heroes of Drogheda refused. The ghastly alternative of murder at sunrise was carried out to the letter, and the name of CROMWELL is loathed in Ireland to this day.

It is difficult to escape the conviction that the Tories desire to goad the long-suffering patriots of the Green Isle to rise in armed rebellion, that England may satiate in Irish blood the stupid hate her people have always entertained for the patriotic and heroic Irish race. Had GLADSTONE triumphed, we might have seen the experiment, never tried in Ireland in her long centuries of English misrule, of doing simple justice to her people—of treating this down-trodden race with that even-handed fair play which the Anglo-Saxon race everywhere demands for itself. But the blind, stupid hatred of Ireland won, and dark days are in store for her unfortunate sons.

THE G. A. R. GRANT MEMORIAL.

The Grand Army of the Republic has patriotically taken up the matter of erecting a suitable memorial in honor of Gen. GRANT, and proposes to raise a fund of not less than $100,000. Commander-in-Chief FAIRCHILD has issued a circular suggesting that, on the 65th anniversary of GRANT'S birth, which occurs on April 27 next, every Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, at some convenient hour shall assemble, either singly or in union with other Posts and, inviting their fellow-citizens to meet with them, hold a feast of patriotism, and thereupon solicit and receive for the purposes of the memorial, such contributions as grateful memory and abiding affection may put it in the heart of each to give. The following are the closing suggestions of the circular:

If such exercises on that day shall result in its observance on each anniversary, thus placing beside the name of Washington, the founder, that of Grant, the preserver, of the Republic, for annual remembrance by all his fellow citizens, the Grand Army will have performed yet another service for their own generation, and for those yet to come

CONDITION OF MEXICO.

Pres. Diaz in His Annual Message says That the Country is Improving Rapidly and is in Excellent Condition.

CITY OF MEXICO, April 1.—The following are some extracts from Pres. Diaz's message, which he will read to-night at the opening of Congress:

Our relations at present with foreign nations are most agreeable. Commencing with our neighbor on the North, I am pleased to say there is no question of any kind that can disturb the friendly relations existing between the two nations. Opportunities have been presented to increase harmony and cordiality which should exist without interruption between the two countries. Such was the campaign against the Indians who had abandoned reservations which resulted in the capture of their chief Geronimo.

The general commanding the American forces acknowledged the assistance rendered him by the Mexican civil and military authorities.

The American Congress adjourned without coming to any determination regarding the Weil & La Abra claims, and as that fact caused a fear that the funds devoted to the payment of these claims ought to be divided among the claimants, our minister at Washington, in compliance with his instructions, has given the American government intimation of the inconvenience this would cause in case it should be done. While the execution of the treaty for repairing the monuments marking the boundary from Paso Del-Norte to the Pacific Ocean was pending, it was determined to extend the term fixed for carrying it into effect, and the American Senate approved the extension.

Our Senate, now that it is informed of the proposed exension, will doubtless approve it with promtness, as it is urgently required that the international boundaries should be immediately clearly determined, as the absence of well defined boundaries leads to frequent and disagreeable complications.

A few days ago the lieutenant of a detachment stationed at Nogales, a town lying both in Sonora and in the territory of Arizona, committed on the American side offenses, as it appears more or less serious, and was arrested by the American police.

Immediately a corporal and two privates, who had crossed what is there considered the boundary line, liberated him by force, exchanged shots with his captors, and afterwards sought refuge within our territory. This disorder did not occasion a serious conflict.

We must acknowledge the good judgement displayed by the civil and military authorities of Arizona, and the active and prudent intervention of the governor of Sonora, who immediately proceeded to the scene of the occurrence. The lieutenant became a fugitive, but was actively pursued by our forces, was captured, and summary proceedings instituted for his punishment.

The Navigation company of Lake Putzcuaro has been duly organized, has commenced to comply with its contract and has brought out the first steamer to be established which will soon be launched.

The National and Central railway companies have commenced the survey of their efforts to obtain the necessary capital for the construction of the important lines stipulated in their respective concessions, having, with the assistance of the executive, overcome the difficulties of the location of lines to the Pacific. It is to be presumed that they will shortly renew the work of construction with all vigor displayed by them heretofore.

The International railway company, whose lines starts at Piedras Negras, continues its construction with great activity, and will probably connect at Laredo with the Mexican Central before the end of the year.

The recent increase in railway lines is small, there being now constructed in the republic 6,009 kilometers.

The President goes largely in the question of finance and refers to the beneficial effects of the arrangement with English bondholders and the regularity with which Mexican coupons meets at maturity and the improved credit of the country.

He presents a flattering prospect of the improved condition of the country.

The President has no fears of a cholera invasion, but shows that everything possible has been done to guard against the approach of the unwelcome visitor.

The message is long and represents the country as improving in every respect.

PRES. CLEVELAND FRIGHTENED

By the Statement of the Physician—He is Now Taking Daily Exercise at His Farm.

WASHINGTON, *March 31.*—Pres. Cleveland has actually been frightened by the statement made by Dr. Sowers relative to his physical condition. His friends say for him that he never was in better health, but to those who see him after an interval, the haggard, weary look he wears is not without its meaning, but fortunately for him Dr. Bowers sounded the alarm and Mr. Cleveland will govern himself accordingly.

He now drives out to his farm every day when the weather will permit and walks all over the place. He has not yet taken to cutting down any of the trees, for the farm was cleared up as much as it would stand without wholly marring its beauty when he bought it, but the way he tramps over the grounds bears to attract the attention of the neighbors.

The trouble is the President is altogether too exclusive for his own good. He seems to be afraid of the people. Even before his wedding night he was given to stealing through the back window of the White House to escape the gaze of his fellow citizens, and lately an order was issued to the White House doorkeepers forbidding anyone from getting behind his back at the public receptions.

He has never been seen on the street since he came to Washington, and when he rides out it is always in a closed carriage, and during the back drives, even when he goes to take a train he enters the railway station by some back gate. Nobody wants to harm him. He is his own worst enemy as far as his bodily health is concerned.

In exclusiveness he differs widely from his predecessors, who were all given to walking out whenever business or pleasure called them, but if he chooses the privacy of his farm for his exercise it will be a source of gratification, for no one desires to see his good health desert him.

ONE KIND OF A RECOMMENDATION.

A Good Letter Produced at the Point of a Revolver—The Socialistic Way.

CHICAGO, April 4.—The Socialists of the Town of Lake are in a state of disorder over the action of their candidate for Town clerk, Thomas F. Cox. He was once employed in the office of the Northwestern Fertilizing Co., at the yards. Eventually he was discharged. It became rumored about that he had been discharged from the employ of the Fertilizing Co. for a serious misdemeanor and the story militated against him.

Saturday about 4 o'clock he entered the office of the Fertilizing company and inquired for Henry Ralston, the superintendent. Mr. Ralston appeared, and after some conversation, Cox asked him if he (Cox) was not a sober and industrious man while in Ralston's employ. Ralston answered that he was, when Cox drew a navy revolver from his pocket, and pointing it at Ralston's head, said: "If you don't give me a letter denying other stories and saying I was sober and industrious, I'll blow your soul into bits."

"I never said you were not honest," remarked Ralston.

"Give me that paper," almost yelled the Socialistic candidate for town clerk; "I want it right away."

He then followed Ralston into the private office where, with a revolver in his hand, he dictated the letter Ralston wrote to the people of Lake, saying that Cox was sober and industrious while in his employ. Cox took the letter and putting it in his pocket left. Mr. Ralston was seen at his home last evening where he said that under any other circumstances he would not have written the letter. It is said Cox will be prosecuted. His action has disrupted the ticket.

THE AMEER TROUBLED

About the State of Affairs in Afghanistan.

LONDON, April 4.—It is announced that the Ameer of Afghanistan is seriously alarmed over the discovery that a number of native tribes are combining against him, and has appealed to the Indian authourities for help and advice. The Afghans declare that the country has been secretely sold to the British, and that the railway to Candahar has been sanctioned by the Ameer to facilitate their advance. The fanatical element of the people is rampant against the Ameer, who has removed his treasure to Fyzabad, whither he will retire himself if he is defeated by his dissatisfied subjects.

Other accounts say that the Ghilzais are restless under the Ameer's tyranny and have asked the Indian authorities to depose him. The *Pioneer* asserts that Lord Dufferin, the British viceroy, received disquieting news from Afghanistan while at Allahabad recently.

Sufferers with Piles.

To get my Pile Remedy tested in all kinds of cases and by all classes of people, until June 1st I will send my 25 cent box for 10 cents as a trial box. Address H. G. Colman, Kalamazoo, Mich.

CHICAGO BOODLERS.

How their Little Schemes were Worked—Recommendations of the Special Grand Jury.

CHICAGO, April 4.—Before the special grand jury closed its inquisition Saturday, they prepared a lengthy memorial to Gov. Oglesby, which was intrusted to State's Attorney Grinnell for safe delivery. The memorial relates to the government of the county, and shows at great length how the corrupt gang that have controlled county boards for years past, have found it possible to rob the taxpayers, and then asks the governor to use his influence with the legislature to have a law enacted to cover the deficiencies.

One thing needed, according to the memorial, is a statutory provision for the appointment of all county employes. As the law stands now the commissioners themselves, and of course all the other officials who are chosen by the people, are the only legal officials of the county, and thus are the only ones who can be brought to task for their crime of bribery. The wardens of the various county institutions and the army of employes under them have no statutory existence, and the law against bribery does not, therefore, reach them.

"We found," said a grand juror, in talking of the inquisition to a reporter for a local paper, "that the Wardens, McGarigle, Varnie, and even Frey, were implicated in innumerable cases of bribery. We had proof against them—proof that was incontrovertible—but we were unable to indict them for the crime, because the law, as the state's attorney construed it, did not cover their cases. Now, for instance, Robinson, the grocer, would send a consignment of goods to the hospital with a bill or list showing the weight of each article, and the store-keeper or warden himself would re-weigh everything, check up the grocer's list, and then certify the bill to be O. K., even though everything was found to be light for 10 to 50 per cent. of the weight charged for.

"Robinson, in his confession, shows that he was doing this sort of thing all the time, and also that he was paying the wardens to O. K. his bills. We considered that the wardens were as guilty of bribery as the grocer, but legally they could not be held for that offense. However, we had a recourse on the conspiracy law. That proved to be broad enough to cover everybody from the mightiest man of the gang, to the meanest trooper in the ranks."

"Were any recommendation made relative to a change in the composition of commissioners?"

"Yes; we saw that it would be next to impossible to get good business men to have anything to do with the position of commissioner as long as the present method of payment is in vogue. It is not enough, for the responsibility is great, and the duties exacting. We recommended an increase of salary in keeping with the responsibility of the position."

POLES WANT CHICAGO.

They Bring Suit Against Wm. J. English Because He Could Not Get It for Them.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 1.—Wm. J. English has filed his answer in the case against him by John Kozieyzuski and 90 other South Chicago Polanders, commenced some time ago.

Mr. English was attorney for the Poles who, having squatted on certain vacant property in South Chicago and occupied it as a colony for a number of years, decided to contest the right of the owners to oust them. He employed Mr. English to purchase of the disputed premises at tax sale, and this was done, but on the day preceding that on which they would have been entitled to a deed, the true owners appeared and paid the amount of taxes and penalty due, and the county clerk returned the certified check for $1,000 to Mr. English, who tried to tie others, but they told him to keep it and apply $500 on his retainer, keeping the remainder as an expense fund.

The Polanders were determined to contest the owner's right to the land, in the face of English's advice that they must finally yield, but the attempted negotiations with J. Woodbridge, jr., representing W. H. Turner for lease or purchase of the property; also with R. T. Merrick, another owner. These failed, owing to Merrick's death and Turner's obstinacy. Woodbridge entered suits in ejectment against the Poles, as did Merrick's heirs, and English filed answers and proceed to defend. He also procured an agreement from the owners not to press their suits on the understanding that the Poles might be induced to take leases.

So the matter stood when the Poles, becoming dissatisfied and suspicious of their attorney, demanded the return of the moneys advanced, $1,000 in all. Mr. English refused to accede and the suit followed. The defendant says he has advised and served the complainants to the best of his ability and is justly entitled to receive a greater sum than he has retained. The property is worth between $200,000 and $300,000, and is situated on the outskirts of the town of Chicago. The only claim of right the Poles have arises from long continued possession.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS

Deals Harshly With Squatters in Chattanooga—Lack of Houses to Rent.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., April 4.—A singular difficulty has arisen here as the result of the real estate boom which has prevailed for three months. Some time since a syndicate of capitalists purchased a large tract of land almost in the center of the city, called Stone Fort, which, on account of its rocky and uneven condition, has been allowed to become occupied by negro tenants, at least two hundred small houses having been set up for their occupancy.

These 200 families, since the new purchase, have been notified to vacate this property at once, and they will have to leave. There is not a vacant house in the city that they can get, and Chattanooga is now confronted with the problem of what to do with the 200 families who are turned out of house and home. The purchasers propose to improve the property, level it off and make it available for business and residences.

The poor people will have to get off during the coming week, and what to do with them nobody knows. In several other portions of the city, where property has heretofore been occupied by the poorer classes, and which property has passed into new hands, the tenants have also been ordered off to make room for improvements. It is safe to say that during the coming week, if these notices are insisted upon, there will be hundreds of homeless families in Chattanooga with no houses that they can rent.

STILL AFTER OKLAHOMA,

Notwithstanding the Death of Capt. Payne—Buckskin Joe Poses as President.

FORT WORTH, Tex., April 2.—For several days past a well-known national character, in the person of J. S. Wirks, of the Queen City, better known as "Buckskin Joe," has been in this city. "Buckskin Joe" is known and recognized as the successor of Capt. Payne, the Oklahoma boomer, who died two years ago. The colonization scheme was taken up by "Buckskin Joe" where it was dropped by Payne, and he is now making his second attempt at colonization, the first attempt having proved a failure a year ago.

The boomer now figures as the president of the Texas-Oklahoma colony. The present plan, as to-day made public, is to lead a colony into one of the pan-handle counties of Texas, through which the Ft. Worth & Denver railway is to be extended, and settle on the school lands. Wirks claims to have 200 families in his colony now, and says he will be a thousand when they are ready to settle in a few months.

He said: "I am in favor myself of going into Greer county. It makes no difference whether Texas or Uncle Sam owns the county. I think all we would have to do would be to go in and settle, and there would be no trouble; but some of the others think differently, so this year we will settle in Texas. That's a stepping-stone to Oklahoma eventually. I will never rest satisfied till we go in there."

As near as can be ascertained by a careful investigation, the present scheme is nothing less than an invasion of Oklahoma by way of Texas instead of Kansas.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

A Story About an Aged Couple.

Mrs. Harriet P. Shear, McKownville, N. Y., lady 62 years of age, says: I have been afflicted for many years with female complaints, constipation and indigestion, and have employed many physicians, finding no relief. I used Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and it has done me more good than all the medicine I ever took. Have Ever Taken.

I have recommended it to others for these complaints who have since experienced great benefit. My husband, who is now 65 years old, has used the Favorite Remedy for Dyspepsia and is now well. We are very glad to do all we can to let other sufferers know where they may find relief. Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for book on Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

Rondout, N. Y. All druggists. $1; 6 for $5.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Garibaldi is to have a statue erected to him in Rome, costing $200,000.

Miss Braddon makes more cash off novels than any other writer of the day.

It is proposed to erect at Kennett Square, Pa., a Bayard Taylor Memorial Library.

Mrs. Frank Leslie is going to Mexico in a few days on an important business errand.

Herr Krupp is going to start a first-class daily newspaper at Essen for the use of his 20,000 workmen.

The late father Beckx, general of the Jesuits, was related to the ex-Empress Eugenie and Comte de Lesseps.

R. T. Bush, owner of the Coronet, has sent a letter to the Beecher statute fund committee, inclosing $500.

Inter-state Commerce Commissioner Walker denies that he is a Mugwump, and says that he voted for Blaine for President.

The Grant monument fund now amounts to $120,815. A good many Western people visit New York at this season, and the fund is perceptibly growing.

Pres McCosh declares that since he abolished secret societies at Princeton, there has been better order, less drinking, and less opposition to the faculty.

Robert T. Lincoln has proposed to donate the Abraham Lincoln homestead, at Springfield, Ill., to the state if it will keep the house and grounds in repair.

Mr. Gladstone lately said in answer to a question that he believed he had been indebted by Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante and Bishop Butler more than by any other authors he had read.

Ben: Perley Poore's recently published "Reminiscences" have not been exactly a gold mine. His publisher has made him a payment of $900. The basis of the book appeared first in twelve papers in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for which he received $1,200.

The greatest of American millers is W. D. Washburn, of Minneapolis. He has one mill that turns out 5,000 barrels of flour a day, and is interested in others whose output is enormous. There is probably no man living who is so largely interested n flour.

Mrs. Thomas A. Hendricks denies that she has any intention of writing a biography of the late Vice-President. She has, however, been engaged in classifying and arranging the mass of memoranda left by him, which will doubtless be valuable for reference in the future.

Jeff Davis, close on his 80th birthday, still journeys out into the brambles near his home at Beauvoir, Miss., the flag and shoots an occasional rabbit for sport's sake. He treated himself to a new shotgun a month or so ago, and seemed to think it was a rather good joke when one of the editors asked whether he was contemplating starting out upon a new war.

Forty years ago an old lady in Baldwin, Fla., about to die, made her children promise not to bury her body. She threatened to haunt them if they did, and so when she was dead they placed the body in a stout chest of live-oak pine, placed it on the surface of the ground in the graveyard, and built a strong log pen around it. The log house is in good condition now, and so is the coffin within it.

Mr. Charles de Lesseps, eldest son of the great engineer and manager of the Panama Canal, is visiting friends in New Orleans. He is described as a little above the medium height, of fine physique, regular features, and full black beard. He possesses a dark and intelligent eye, speaks pleasantly in the language of "La Belle France," displays education and refinement, and has a most agreeable manner and address.

The American representative at Tangiers, Consul Matthews, during the heat of the campaign in 1884, wrote a very breezy letter to a friend in this country attacking Cleveland. The letter received wide publicity. For three years a New York Mugwump has been searching for the letter, and at last obtained the original document. He sent it to Secretary Bayard. The secretary called on the President, showed him the letter, and left the White House with Mathews's dismissal in his pocket. Matthews was pensioned.

ALASKA'S BOOM.

The Gold Fever Starts in Early—Increased Operations this Year.

ST. LOUIS, March 31.—A special to the *Globe Democrat* says that news from Alaska has been received from the steamship Idaho, which arrived at Port Townsend last night, that the gold fever is setting in early. Notwithstanding a most severe winter 100 men have started from Yukon already and many others are ready to start.

Petroleum beds are rumored to have been found near Juneau. The gold prospectors are preparing to scatter in all directions in the spring. The Alaska Mining company is about to start new mills near the celebrated Treadwell mine of Douglass Island.

At Sitka, within the last four months, 22 natives have been converted into the Greek church.

SOME INTERESTING FIGURES.

Chicago's Wheat Trade Compared with That of Toledo.

The receipts of wheat at Chicago for the past two years:

	1885.	1886.
Winter, bu	2,354,024	5,506,084
Spring, bu	24,024,672	10,644,844
Total	26,378,696	16,150,928
Receipts of wheat at Toledo, 1886 bu		16,944,908
More at Toledo than Chicago		793,980

High License in New York.

ALBANY, April 1.—The Senate yesterday passed the high liquor license bill, which was passed by assembly a few days ago. The measure has been made a party one, Republicans for and Democrats against.

The bill now goes to the governor, who, it is generally believed, will almost certain'y veto it.

Heavy Fire Losses in New York.

NEW YORK, April 4.—Fire early this morning, at No. 35 Cedar street, caused the following losses: Philip Karcher, dye factory, $12,000; C. S. Nathan, printer, $10,000; Arthur & Bonnell, stationary, $20,000; on building, $8,000. Fully insured.

Well, What Was It?

A Dakota woman who wanted a fur cloak began trapping mink and tanning the skins. These she sent to St. Paul, where they have just been made into a beautiful cloak for which she was offered $125. A Chicago woman, it may be added, wanted a beautiful fur cloak about the same time. She began trapping, caught a single animal, and now has a cloak worth $500. It wasn't a quadruped she caught, though.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Whose Bones Were They?

O. O. Putney, an old miner, lost his life in a snow avalanche at Bay Horse, Custer county, Idaho, a few days ago. In an old valise which he owned were found letters and some bones with a note saying: "I wish these bones buried with me."

A Sweet Wife's Charming Gift.

Husband—It is kind of you to remember me on my birthday, but I had concluded to stop smoking on the score of economy.

Wife—Oh, these are not expensive, my dear. I bought them at 75 cents a hundred.—*Texas Siftings.*

S18d Frst R8.

In 1888, it would be a first r8 idea to nomin8 as a candi8 for the office of Chief Magistr8, John Sherman, who represents the gre St8 of Ohio in the U. S. Sen8.—*Eaton, O., Register.*

Not Quite Brough.

Boston landlord (to porter)—See if the gentlemen in parlor F have finished discussing their dinner.

Porter (returned)—Dey is fru eatin', boss, but dey ain't done cussin' it yet.—*Hartford Courant.*

The Same with a Ten-Dollar Bill.

First Urchin—How much you got left, Jimmy?

Second Urchin—Two cents.

First Urchin—Gosh! how quick a nickel goes when it's once broke.

The Sort of Socialism Really Wanted.

We want a conservation of force which will make the really important man who is doing the world's work divide his labor with the man who thinks he is doing everything, but is really doing nothing.

—DON'T YOU MARRY until you have read our richly illustrated paper containing nearly 400 advertisements from ladies and gentlemen wanting correspondents. Only 5c. Address Helping Hand, 74 Lasalle street, Chicago, Ill.

THE WOOSTER FAMILY

Unable to Drink Water, They Take to Beer—The Evil Effects—A Brand from the Burning.

The Wooster family, who live in Lower Town, are going through a curious experience. Six years ago, Johnny Wooster, a lad of 5, and the pet of the family, fell into the cistern and was drowned, and from that day to this not one of the family has been able to drink water. On the day following the accident, the old man Wooster, seized with an insatiable thirst, drank a goblet of water at a single gulp. He was immediately taken with convulsions, and for two weeks hovered between life and death. He conquered finally, but it was over a year that he looked more dead than alive, so pale and emaciated was he.

All the other Woosters from the mother down to the baby tried water, but they could not keep it down, although none of them suffered as the old man suffered. For two years the entire family either went dry or drank beer, which they purchased by the keg. All but the baby. Mr. and Mrs. Wooster agreed that beer was bad for babies, and so the little one escaped the vile stuff, and was given milk to drink. He thrived on the milk diet and was never known to cry for water. The rest of the family kept up their beer until two years ago. About that time, the old man's appetite, whetted by the beer, demanded something stronger, and he transferred his affections from beer to whisky. He kept this up for a year and a half, and then died—a drunkard.

The mother has dropped beer also and has taken to tea. It is also a question of time when she will follow her husband. One of the boys has been regular in his attendance at the Police court for two years past, and it is always either a fine or a week or two in the Work house, for getting drunk. The only girl in the family became so disheartened and ashamed of the condition of her parents that she took opium to drown her troubles, and is to-day a confirmed opium-eater.

James Wooster, the second boy, ran away from home shortly after the death of his little brother. He was a bright young man of 18, but of a restless disposition. He went West, got a position in a wholesale house and worked up to a position of trust. He had not been gone three months before beer became nauseating to him, and in sheer desperation one day he took a glass of water.

Whether there was a difference in the water from that which refused to stay with him in this city, or what, it proved to have no evil effects upon him, and ever afterward he had no further use for beer. He is to-day a junior partner in the house where he worked as a clerk five years ago, and is prosperous in every way. He is one brand plucked from the burning.

White is Banished for the Time Being.

One of the most extraordinary freaks of fashion inaugured in during the past winter, as reported by the London correspondent of the New York *Mail and Express*, has been the entire absence of white undergarments for ladies; colored stockings were first decreed instead of white ones, and then all the rest of the underwear followed suit. The extreme of elegance is for a lady in ball toilet to be entirely arrayed in garments the color of her dress. Even petticoat garments of surah, the corset of satin, the inner petticoat of finely embroidered flannel, the outer one of taffetas, must all be in the pale blue or pink or scarlet of the dress. Fine cambric, dotted striped in fine lines in a vivid scarlet, and finished with scallops in buttonhole embroidery in scarlet thread, is used as a substitute for surah for the undergarments. Even the handkerchief is no longer white, but is in colored cambric, bordered with buttonhole stitch embroidery in white and having the wearer's monogram worked in white. Ruches in crepe lisse or in plaited cambric to be worn to the throat and wrists are as totally out of fashion as though they had never been in it. In fact, nothing white remains but the night dress, and that is now supplemented by a matinee in cashmere or surah, elaborately trimmed with lace and ribbon, which the fair wearer is supposed to slip on before taking her early cup of coffee or tea.

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Enlivening the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will you buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons — To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instruments that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage.

Three copies of either..... 6 cents.
Six copies..... 10 cents.
Twenty-five copies..... 30 cents.
One Hundred copies..... One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We sendit to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The four divines	65
The four generals	65
The entire set of eight	1 15

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

I START MEN

and WOMEN of small means in Home Photography. It pays $10 to $20 per day. Business in stores or shops, or at home, or from house to house. The novel surprise of a man with complete apparatus upon arriving at the door ready to photo. anything, persons, groups, buildings, or animals, secures profitable orders in nine out of ten homes. A good, beautiful, paying business, suitable for either sex; no experience required. Send for a copy of the "New Process BLEISTEIN" (Pat.) Sample photos. FRANKLIN PUTNAM, 277, and Dealer in Photo. Apparatus, 453, 455 Canal st., New York.

5000 Book Agents Wanted to Sell

THE LIFE OF BEECHER.

AGENTS WANTED.

Dr. Lyman Abbott and Rev. S. S. Halliday

Assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, have written a book which was begun and largely prepared previous to the death of Mr. Beecher and revised on his last approval plan—combination of personal reminiscences from 39 prominent writers. This is the right book; don't be induced to fill any other. Combines entire life of the great preacher. Agents wanted in every town. Send for full particulars and SPECIAL TERMS to AGENTS, or secure territory at once by sending $1.00 for outfit. Mention this paper. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Rand, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis or Cincinnati. Book now ready.

L. S. L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Bankers and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over Half a Million Distributed

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $350,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Semi-Annual Drawings, regularly every six months (June and December).

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. FOURTH GRAND DRAWING CLASS D, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, April 12, 1887. —203d Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 " "	500	25,000
100 " "	300	30,000
200 " "	200	40,000
500 " "	100	50,000
1,000 "	50	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Approximation Prizes of	$200	$ 20,000
100 " "	100	10,000
100 " "	200	20,000
2,179 Prizes, amounting to		$655,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address, to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La. Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what numbers will draw a Prize. All parties therefore advertising to guarantee Prizes in this Lottery, or holding out any other impossible inducements, are swindlers, and only aim to deceive and defraud the unwary.

THE BEST

BOOKS

For the People.

The following books are of our own publication and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. We make prices less than half of book store prices, and we prepay postage to your very door. Whether for family reading or presents to your friend every reader of the BLADE should order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we give for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list:

ANDERSONVILLE:

A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was 18 months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has all the sub-stance of two years' life in a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is decidedly fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers, in the military prisons. Regular price, $3. We now send it by mail for $2.25. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

NASBY IN EXILE

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price $2.50. Our present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.20.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the best book of recipes and the most reliable ever printed. It has always sold for $2.00. Price now postpaid by mail, $1.00, or with BLADE one year, $2.50.

HEALTH and BEAUTY,

by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for obtaining and retaining health and beauty, and is indispensable. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $2.00.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE,

another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.80.

BLADE, Toledo, O.

Something More About Sewing Machines!

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

IV.

The summer time was drawing to a close. Already there was in the atmosphere that subtle something that speaks of the near approach of those shortening days, into whose brief space is gathered the fervid passion that kisses the fruit into maturity, and then passes away. Over the distant meadows rested a faint golden haze, the beginning of that which, later on, would wrap the hillside and valley in its soft radiance.

I was already thinking of returning to the world and work, much invigorated by the summer's outing, feeling, too, that it had not been without other results than the restoration of bodily vigor. My friend had taught me the value of a sound mind in a sound body, of the growth of the good sense which comes from a rare self-control that permits the faculties to be wisely directed; and of the use to which the knowledge attained by a study of the experiences of others can be applied.

Just at this time the family circle was enlarged by the arrival of a cousin of our hostess—a mother and her two children, little girls of 3 and 6 years old. I gave a mental thanksgiving that they were not boys, and my thanksgiving was multiplied tp ten ere they had been in the house 24 hours. The mother, Mrs. Dent, was the complete opposite of my friend. Without one particle of self-control, as might be expected she had none over others. Her children were bright and good-natured, but without the smallest notion of obedience to her authority. She rather prided herself upon her weak nerves and her inability to cope with adverse circumstances. Evidently she imagined it to be a mark of fine lady-ism to exhibit fear upon all possible occasions.

Of course I did not find this out the first day of her arrival, but it really took but a short time to see all that she was, much easier than to count all that she was not.

It was not a great while before I had an opportunity to draw a sharp contrast in vivid outlines between the two women. The children had all been out in the yard where Bill was cutting grass. He had a small sickle which he used in corners and around shrubs, and which he had laid down while running the mower. Busy with his work, he did not notice what the little folk were about, until a chorus of shrieks attracted his attention, when he saw the oldest little girl running toward the house screaming loudly, while Ned stood with the sickle in his hand staring blankly after her.

"What is the matter?" he asked, and several voices answered at once, "She's nearly cut her hand off, Maude has. She just took right hold of the edge when Ned was cutting with it, trying to take it away, and it most went through her hand."

By this time the younger children, half crying, started for the house, followed after a moment or two by Ned, whose pale face was full of excitement and horror.

Meanwhile Maude had burst into the room where we were sitting, holding her wounded hand from which the blood was streaming, tightly in the other.

"Oh, mamma! mamma! mamma!" exclaimed the child, running towards her; "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The mother gave a quick look at the bleeding hand, and, with a loud cry, fell back into her chair. This naturally added to the little girl's distress and her screams became louder. Ere I could time to reach her, my friend had lifted her into her own lap, had wrapped her handkerchief around the wound, and was speaking to her in the quiet gentle way, which always had its effect, sooner or later. I went quickly to the emergency drawer for the bandages and cotton batting which I knew she would need. When I returned, she said:

"I wish you would bring me some cold water, dear, as soon as possible, and you may bring some vinegar, too. This bleeding must be stopped immediately. And tell the children, please, that they must not come in here, but go away and keep quiet."

"How can you be so cool?" said Mrs. Dent, who sat in her chair with her eyes covered by her hands "But I forget It is not your child, or you could not."

I was just bringing the water when I heard this remark, and I had considerable ado to keep from throwing the liquid into her face. My friend, however, did not seem to notice what she was saying, but talked on pleasantly to the child, who was gradually growing calmer under her influence—an influence which the little one felt just as all did who came within the magic of its power. And yet it was not that she was possessed of any abnormal traits, but she had trained herself to rule her own spirit, and could therefore more easily govern others.

Attempting to unwind the handkerchief, Maude resisted.

"It must come off, dear," said my friend, firmly, "so that I can put another on that will make it well. I will try and not hurt you much, but you *must* let me do it."

The quiet firmness of face and voice had its effect. Maude looked into her eyes a moment, then yielded.

"You don't tell stories like my mamma," she sobbed;" she says she won't hurt and then she does."

There was a whole chapter of commentary in those few words, but Mrs. Dent did not appear to hear them. I made a mental note of the fact that it is utterly impossible to be untrue to children without their finding it out.

The wrapping was taken from the hand which was still bleeding profusely. Raising it a little above a level with the shoulder, and firmly compressing the edges of the wound together, my friend quickly and gently washed the blood away, then laid several thicknesses of dry cotton over it, and covered the whole with the bandage which she put on, starting from the fingertips and terminating just above the wrist.

"I thought you wanted this vinegar," I said, inquiringly.

"And so I may, presently," she replied, "if I cannot stop the bleeding without it But you know I have been taught to use the dry dressing whenever it is possible, because the wound heals quicker."

The child had ceased sobbing and was sitting quietly upon her lap, with the wounded hand against her breast in such a way as to prevent an excessive flow of blood to the finger tips. In spite of this, however, it was but a few moments before we saw the bandages reddening, showing that the bleeding was yet unchecked.

"This will not do," my friend said; "I shall have to try something else."

So saying, she took another bandage and wrapped it tightly around the arm below the elbow, about one-third of the distance from the elbow to the wrist. Waiting a few moments, she found that the flow of blood still continued, although it was much slower, and she proceeded to put still another bandage tightly around the arm above the elbow.

"If this is not successful I shall wet the cotton in vinegar and water," she said; "but I think that will not be necessary."

It was not, for the bleeding soon ceased entirely. Meanwhile Mrs. Dent had been so overcome by her feelings that she had left the room unnoticed by Maude, who, nestled in friendly arms, presently fell asleep. Then I took the opportunity to ask of the philosophy of her treatment of a cut like that, or of one in any part of the body.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fancy Work and Household Decoration.

Table Sachets,—This is a new fashion which has become quite popular. Instead of the hanging sachets which diffuse fragrance through the room, they are made in a cylindrical shape to lie upon the table. A very pretty one, and inexpensive also, could be of congress canvas. First make the bag of pink or blue muslin to hold the cotton rolled about the size of the small rolling pins that have been so much in use for key racks. Sprinkle sachet powder plentifully through the cotton. Cut the canvas long enough to cover the roll and project two or three inches beyond each end. Fringe the ends for an inch and a half or two inches. Draw threads beginning two inches from the fringe and run in narrow ribbons of different colors. Then pull the roll in and tie the ends with the narrow ribbons, leaving short ends to fall over the fringe. These sachet rolls may be made much more elaborately of silk or satin painted or embroidered if liked.

Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., for "Fancy Work and House Decoration."

To Piece a Quilt.—For the lady who wished a way to piece a quilt out of pink and blue, I think there is no prettier or easier way than single Irish chain. I have one pieced out of red and green. My squares, before pieced, are two and a half inches. It takes 23 of them for one square, nine green ones, twelve red ones and four white ones, all same size. The middle of the four outside rows contains one white square. After you have them cut, lay them down and you will soon see how they are to go. To join use a plain white seam, same size as your pieced one, with a square hemmed on each corner. Of which ever color you use twelve squares, hem that color on your white square. Try it and I think you will be pleased with it. I also have a double Irish chain which is prettier then the single and is arranged in the same way. It takes three colors, seven squares in a row, and three squares must be hemmed on the white square. The pieces are smaller than the single Irish chain.—MY MARYLAND.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; b, bind over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; rib, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Palm Leaf Lace.—Cast on ten stitches. 1st row—sl 1—k 1—t to—n—t t o—n—t t o 3 times—n—t t o twice—p 2 tog. 2nd row—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 2. 3d row—sl 1—k 1—t to—n—k 1—t to—n—k 4—t t o twice—p 2 tog. 4th row—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 5—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2. 5th row—sl 1—k 1—t to—n—k 2—t to—n—k 3—t t o twice—p 2 tog—(drop the last loop.) 6th row—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 4—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 2. 7th row—sl 1—k 1—t t o—n—k 3—t to—n—k 2—t to twice—p 2 tog—drop the last loop. 8th row—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 3—p 1—k 4—p 1—k 2. 9th row—sl 1—k 1—t to—n—k 4—t t o—n—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—drop the last loop. 10th row—t t o—p 2 tog—k 2—p 1—k 5—p 1—k 2. 11th row—sl 1—k 1—t to—n—k 5—t t o—n—t t o twice—p 2 tog. 12th bind off 3—take the stitch on right hand needle and put it on the left-hand needle—t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2—p 1—k 2. You must have ten stitches on the needle. Repeat from 1st row.—MRS. H. HAZEL GRAINGER, Wichita, Kan.

Scarf.—Fine Saxony yarn. Large bone needles. Cast on 40 or 50 stitches. Knit across plain, garter fashion, 4 times; Knit once across, now putting the yarn twice around bone, then go on, 4 more times, once around, then twice all the way, as long as you wish.

Infant Socks.—Cast on 21 stitches, on 3 wire needles. Knit around once, then throw yarn forward to widen every other stitch and narrow, then purl or seam two stitches, then widen and narrow every other stitch, counting five, all around, then next round narrow one stitch by slipping and binding the two first stitches, and narrowing two last, then seam two, and so on. It makes the vine for top. Knit front to your fancy.—C. H. P., Lexington, Ky.

Crochet Shawl Gray Stitch.—Make a chain the desired length. 1st row 3 double crochet in 4th stitch of chain, 3 chain, 1 single crochet in same stitch, * miss 2 stitches of chain, make 3 double crochet in next stitch of chain, 3 chain, 1 single crochet in same stitch, repeat from star to end of the row, turn. 2d row—make 2 chain, * make 3 double crochet in chain of 3, 3 chain, 1 single crochet in same chain of 3; repeat from star to end of row. A shell border is pretty finished with a scallop, and can be as deep as one likes. I think "J. G." will be pleased with it, as it is pretty and very easy to do.—R. H. G., 1218 S 5th Ave., Wichita, Kansas.

Crocheted Lace.—I send to "Subscriber" a pretty crocheted lace which I think will be wide enough for pillow cases. Ladies' skirts or anything she may desire. Make a chain of 13 stitches. 1st row—ch 3, miss 2 stitches, 3 t in next stitch, ch 1, 3 t in same, ch 3, miss 3, 3 t in next stitch, ch 1, 3 t in same, ch 3, miss 3, 1 t in next stitch, ch 2, miss 1, 1 t in last stitch, turn. 2d row—ch 3, 9 t in ch 2, ch 3, shell in shell, fasten down (by not turning thread over) in last stitch of row 3 of last row, ch 3, shell in shell, turn. 3d row—ch 2, shell in shell, fasten down, shell in shell, ch 3, 1 t between 1st and 2d t of 9 t of last row, ch 2. 1 t in same place, ch 3, 1 t between 9th t and ch of last row, ch 2, 1 t in same place, turn; 4th row: like 2d, only have 9 t, 4 times; 5th row: like 3d, only have place for 3, 9 t instead of only 2; 6th row: like 4th, only have 9 t, 3 times; 7th row: like 5th, only have place for 4, 9 t instead of only 3; 8th row: like 6th, only have 9 t, 4 times; 9th row: like 7th, only have place for 5, 9 t instead of only 4; 10th row: like 8th, only have 9 t, 5 times. Repeat from 2d row.—B. E. JOHNSON.

Correspondence.

THE FARMER'S WEARY WIFE.

Four o'clock in the morning, oh, how my bones do ache!
But the morning light is breaking, and Jacob is saying "Awake!"
Now, Jacob has gone to his feeding, and I must arise from my bed;
But, oh, I'm so tired and discouraged, I am sure I would rather be dead!

I am driven from morning till evening, from Sunday till Saturday night;
From one year's end to another, it is one continual fight.
Drudge, drudge, drudge, oh, what a tiresome life!
There's no recreation nor pleasure, for a farmer's weary wife.

There is nilking, and straining, and skimming, and warming the milk for the calves,
And churning, and working the butter, which I never do by the halves,
And washing the dishes, and sweeping, and dusting the table and chairs,
Airing the rooms and the cellar, and making the beds up stairs.

Washing and dressing the baby, scolding th troublesoms boys,
That get everything out of order and worry me so with their noise;
Planning and getting the dinner in time for the hired men;
Washing the boys and the dishes, and sweeping the rooms again,
Tidying things for a moment, for fear I may company see;
Then, diving into the sewing until it is time to get tea.
Attending again to the dairy, putting the children to bed,
Then, patching, and mending, and darning, till I hardly can hold up my head.

These are but daily duties, there's others, which no one can shirk;
As washing, and ironing, and mopping, and doing the Saturday's work,
In short, there's no end to the drudging; oh what a wearisome life!
There's no recreation nor pleasure for a farmer's weary wife. —A. B. C.

THE FAMILY SCRAP-BOOK.—I took it down this evening from the highest shelf in the library, and, tenderly wiping the dust from its worn covers, sat down with it as with an old friend. I was glad that we were alone together, for, more than once, while turning over its stiff and somewhat mildewed pages, hot tears fell upon and blistered them afresh.

Quite unlike the elegantly bound and ready-to your-hand affairs of to-day is this, begun in the infancy of scrap-book literature, and bearing unmistakable evidence of having once served in the capacity of a ledger. I look on the fly-leaf and find inscribed thereon, in a cramped, boyish hand, the name "John C. Laurence, January, 1854," and I wonder if it is possible that the matter-of-fact, successful merchant of to-day, who finds his most interesting reading in market reports, and his most thrilling adventures among "Bulls and Bears," could ever have indulged in anything so sentimental as poetry, even in his youthful days. However his selections give no hint of the spirit of barter and gain which has since taken possession of him, but are upon such topics as "The Blind Girl's Lament," "The Warrior to His Son," "Lines to a Lily," etc.

"Johnnie's" scrap-book soon found favor with the other members of the household, who were welcome to use its pages for their own favorite selections, and were evidently not slow to avail themselves of the privilege. How it shows their various tastes—for it was a rule that whoever put in anything must append his or her name thereto; and so we find "selected by," with the dear, familiar names attached—some, alas! that now we seldom hear.

With what care and tenderness we intrusted to its safe-keeping our Alice's first published verses, proud in the possession of a real poet by the family.

Sweet, poet soul! How prophetic of her short and beautiful life seem those verses to us now; but then we saw in them only the promise of great things in the future. And yet, surely she has attained to the highest we hoped for her here.

We could almost tell which were mother's selections, even if we did not remember them so well, by the lessons of goodness and purity and love they taught—nay, still teach. Has not the remembrance of them checked many an unkind word, and prompted many a kind action of our lives that would otherwise have been left undone? But for their influence our lives would be just so much the poorer. Why, to this day, I cannot have an encounter with my two old enemies, a hasty temper and sharp tongue, but I seem to hear her say as she so often did:

"Speak gently, it is better far
To rule by love, than fear,—
Speak gently, let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here."

Well for me, if I had heeded her injunctions better in those youthful years.

To this book the children came regularly for their "composition school," and often some fair young girl just budding into womanhood, borrowed the aid of its friendly pages for "appropriate sentiments and quotations"—as if the fresh outpourings of her pure young heart would not be more welcome to the recipient of her letters than all the poetry that others could write!

How well do I remember the day when Charlie pasted in that rallying song of the war "We're coming Father Abraham," and said to us, in his boyish, impetuous way: "There, girls, that's the last piece I'll paste into the old book for some time. I could stand it no longer, and will enlist to-morrow if I can get mother's consent—I know father will be willing."

Dear loyal heart! Somewhere in a Southern grave he lies buried; and instinctively we turn to the poem, "The Blue and the Gray," among the last in the book, and comfort our hearts with the hope that some kind hand lays a flower on *his* resting place when his comrades are remembered on Decoration Day, even though *we* cannot go.

"Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and foe;
Under the soft soil the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray."

Many a name here appears which in after years we learned to look for in the honored places of literature; while others, with as brilliant promise, have dropped out altogether.

There were poems by the Carey sisters, Currer Bell, Mary Howitt, and Elizabeth Barrett; by Poe, Whittier, Bryant, Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, and others. "Maud" is quoted from as "a new poem in press, by Tennyson." Ah! me, how few of these are left!

More precious than many a rare and priceless volume is this shabby old book to us now, for it holds how much of our heart and home history.—M. K. BUCK

ABOUT CROUP.—During this season of many and sudden changes in the weather, children are liable to attacks of that dread disease—croup. True croup is rather a rare disease, and very fatal, and the attacks are most liable to come on in the night, and altogether unexpected, though sometimes preceded by a cold, sore throat and catarrh. In such cases a physician should be called at once. But many cases of so-called croup, which are not nearly so dangerous, can be relieved and cured by the following treatment:

First give an emetic, and then immerse the patient in a warm bath, and afterwards wrap in a warm blanket and place in bed. Afterwards give the following powders:

Calomel, ½ drachm; ipecac, 1 grain; hydrochlor. ammon, 2½ scruples. Mix and make into twelve powders. Give one every hour or two, as the severity of the case demands. If, after the attack is over, the patient is troubled with hoarseness, or coughing, the following prescription, a syrup, is an excellent remedy, and should be given until all tendency to croup disappears: Syr. senegae, 3 ozs; syr. ipecac, 1 dr.; oxy. scillae, 3 drs.; tart. ant., 1½ grs. Mix. A teaspoonful should be given every one, two, or three hours during the day, and the intervals extended according as the patient improves.

Both of these remedies should be kept in every home where there children, for they have been the means of saving many a child's life. In fact, they are the same as used in the practice of old and experienced physicians. The ingredients are to be obtained at any drug store, and should be compounded ready for use by a competent druggist. Many cases can be relieved with the syrup alone, if a teaspoonful be given every 15, 20 or 30 minutes, as the case demands; however, the first prescription has the preference.—MODOC.

THOUGHTLESS CRUELTY.—Under the above caption in Toledo Weekly BLADE of January 6, we find a plea for the children taken from the Philadelphia *Press*, which is all right. Parents should not be remiss in the happiness of their children overbalance their misery, and if they can't do that it would be better their children had never been born. It surely would be terrible cruel to send children into a cold bedroom and wash and go to bed. The bath tub would be frozen over. Even a plunge bath would be too severe. It seems as though they would freeze to the bed clothes. Making children wash in their bedroom is being more nice than wise.

The writer of that article believes that warm bed-rooms are better for health than cold ones. In that I cannot agree with him. Wife and I sleep with the window up about twenty inches high in the coldest weather. My beard freezes fast to the pillow. My wife is 49 years old and she still enjoys the bloom of youth. I don't think we ever have taken cold during the night. If a change in the weather takes place we are ready to meet it and keep pace with it, whereas if we were in a warm room we would not know that a change had taken place. And then when we would go out the change would be all of a sudden and take effect accordingly. When one goes to bed in a cold room he covers up with all the covering that is necessary to keep him warm all night, whereas if the room is warm he will go to sleep half covered and won't wake up until half frozen and that's what does the mischief. Moreover, how refreshing it is to go into a room that is well ventilated to sleep. Occasionally I have a dull headache before I go to bed, but it would be five minutes after I got in bed until it is gone. The colder the night the louder we laugh, as we hustle in bed. (We don't sleep in our drawers, either, but have woolen blankets). The fresh, pure air is so bracing that it takes but little to do. Respiration goes on slowly, pure air makes pure blood, and pure blood flows more freely than foul. It flows to the very outer surface, which imparts warmth, vigor and life. A cold room may be filled with foul air, if it has no chance to escape.

The writer advises us to have plants all through the house To do that we would have to have a fire in almost every room, or keep the house so closely closed as to exclude the pure life-giving air.

He farther states that "living plants impart oxygen and moisture to the atmosphere. Plants are particularly corrective in their influence when dry furnace heat must be depended upon. The old idea that flowers in a bedroom are injurious is exploded. It has been proved that they are positively beneficial, particularly in case of invalids and consumptives." I agree that plants throw off all moisture, but as to the oxygen I have my doubts i.e. more than they consume. Seeds cannot germinate without it, plants cannot grow or live without it, no more than an animal can.

The old idea is not exploded with me. He should have informed us how it had been proven that they are beneficial in case of invalids and consumptives. I presume it was like this: Two rooms were selected with conditions equal, excepting the flowers. Quite likely the moist air out-balanced

The Farm.

Information Wanted

PEANUTS—SWEET POTATOES—Please give me all the information you can in regard to cultivating peanuts and also sweet potatoes.—BERT, Rushville, Neb. [For information on peanut culture, see Weekly BLADE, March 24, "Sweets." Sweet potatoes are raised from sprouts or slips, on rich, light, warm soil. Good corn land will give a good crop. In the district of Nebraska, sweet potatoes may be started in hot-beds or forcing pits in the latter part of April. Make a compost of sand and leaf mold. Spread this out in a layer about two inches deep, and lay the potatoes on it, being careful not to let them lie one upon another. When the buds start from the potatoes, cover the potatoes over with well rotted, pulverized stable manure. After the manure is spread put a layer of rich surface soil on it three inches deep. As soon as the bed is matted over with sprouts or slips, from four to eight inches long, the setting out should begin, selecting the afternoon of a wet day. If the plants are raised in a hot bed they will be ready for planting out about the first of June. Planting may be done as late as the last of June, or the first part of July. Two or three crops of sprouts may be raised in the same season from the same tubers. The plants are transplanted in rows three feet apart, and the plants about eighteen inches apart in the rows or in hills four feet apart, using a shovelful of well-rotted manure in each hill. The soil should be well plowed, subsoiled, harrowed, rolled, or dragged, and put in the most mellow condition. Make ridges three feet apart by turning two heavy furrows together, set the slips in these ridges, burying them nearly one-half their length. After cultivation consists in keeping down the weeds. The vines should be passed under the growing vines at intervals, to prevent them from taking root in the soil, and drawing substance from the main root. In sections where sweet potatoes are grown, men make a business of raising the plants to sell.—ED.]

SCOURS—HENRY CARTER, Iowa—A raw hen's egg dropped in the calf's mouth is good for scours, or lime water and bitrichloride of genitian, of each two ounces. Give two or three times daily of this.—ED.]

LAMPAS—EUGENE LANDERS, Nebraska—Lampas is a swelling of the upper bar of the palate. Touch the bar very lightly with a sharp knife in different parts, and wet with alum, half an ounce; refined sugar, half an ounce; mix with a little honey. Rub twice a day.—ED.]

M. M., Subscriber.—Dry cough in cattle may result from various causes. Changes of temperature, exposure to wet or damp stables, chills in changing the coat, etc., are sources of inflammatory affections of the lining membrane of the nostrils and parts adjacent, and the outcome is at times serious. Cattle are subject to catarrhal fever. At times the nostrils become clogged by thick secretions, and swelling takes place. Inject the nostrils with olive oil and have the cow inhale the steam from a bran mash in a nose bag. This will often relieve a cow. If the affection is in the tubes of the throat, take of gumacum, 2 oz.; saltpetre, 1 oz.; mix and give in a pint and add half an ounce of liquorice stick. When dissolved, strain, and give in two doses, night and morning. A good cement for rubber boots is to dissolve India rubber to a proper consistency in sulphuric ether.—ED.]

WARTS ON A MARE'S NOSE.—L. Levemberger, Iowa: We think as good an application to remove warts on your mare's nose as you will find, is to paint them over with permanganate of potash. A few applications generally does the thing effectually. "D. L. B.," in this issue, recommends washing them with a strong solution of aul. of iron (copperas).—ED.

WEEVIL IN PEAS.—A reader wishes to now how to get rid of weevil in peas, put the peas in a box; then pour a little bisulphide of carbon in a saucer, place it on the peas, and close the box tightly. The fumes will kill the bugs in the peas. Peas that are infested with weevil will float on water.—ED.

J. G. H., Kentucky: Several ways have been suggested to rid cattle of grubs. We believe that a drop of spirits of turpentine is as good as anything to kill them; or rub into the whole where the grub burrows a bit of mercurial ointment about the size of an ordinary shot.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Black Leg-Piles—Some one asked what will cure black-leg in cattle I answer, take a sharp knife and scarify the leg. Cut through the hide and let out the yellow water. Spread spirits turpentine all over the parts affected. The way to prevent black-leg from spreading: Burn the animal as soon as the animal dies. This will stop it in your herd. To cure piles, take ten to twenty drops of laudanum and bathe the parts affected. Apply until relieved. S. B. YOUNG, Indian Territory.

Dehorning Calves—Warts.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I will tell you what I know about dehorning by using a hot iron, cutting them off with a knife, etc. I dehorned two with a red hot iron when they had got from half an inch to an inch and a half long. They are a year and two years old now, and perfect horns, and know how to misuse them. I cut one off with a sharp knife. He is eight months old and has five horns started. Probably will know how to use them. I am going to saw them off the full-grown cattle and will write and let you know if they come back.

To remove warts from anything: Wash with strong copperas (sulph iron) solution. Have taken warts off a heifer's nose as big as my fist, and one from a horse's ear same size. Took them off my hands some way when a boy, and cow's teats, dozens of them.—C. L. B., Glen Elder, Kansas. [The question of dehorning cattle is becoming a prominent one, and we are pleased to have "D. L. B.'s" experience. We shall look for a report from him after he makes the test on full grown cattle. Any reader of the BLADE FARM who has tried dehorning cattle will confer a favor by sending us his experience for publication. It has been tried in many places, and success claimed for it. In Ireland it is an old custom. A sharp saw is necessary, and the work should be done quickly. It is said the animal does not suffer much from the operation, and that the horn bleeds but little. A farmer living somewhere in Illinois said that he has cut the horns off cattle, and that they would at once go to eating. As to the question of cruelty, much has been written on both sides.—ED.]

Credit To Whom Credit Is Due.

The following convincing letter shows where the article on "How To Raise Onions" originated. The article was a good one, and we take pleasure in giving proper credit to the firm named:

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—We desire to inform you that the article "How To Raise Onions," recently contributed to your column by one J. D. Leisure, of Lansing, Mich., was written by one of ourselves. We mail you a copy of our 1887 seed annual, and wish you kindly to note the marked passages on pp. 3 and 33. We think you will agree that it is not at all likely we should need to go outside our own staff to have a valuable article on onion culture written for us.

The hypothesis that the article in question may have been the composition of Mr. Leisure must fall to the ground.

The article is well worth preserving—like much more in our seed annual—much more worthy of preservation we believe, than the "further information." Mr. Leisure offers to furnish for "about five cents." We send our seed annual free. Yours respectfully, D. M. FERRY & Co. Detroit, March 30, 1887.

Onion Culture.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—When I read the article in the BLADE on onion culture, I felt like giving the readers of the BLADE my experience with this crop, and will now do so. This will not be taken from seed catalogues or garden books, but from years of hard, actual experience. The various systems of onion culture, as given in seed catalogues, are good, and will do very well where land is high and labor cheap, and when the onions are worth from $1 to $2 per bushel; but what we want is, how to grow onions to make it profitable when they are worth from 50 to 75 cents per bushel, and when labor is high, as at present in the West.

Soil—Any good land that will make a crop of potatoes will grow a good crop of onions. Land with a good red or yellow clay subsoil is as good as any if not the best. Any new land is good for onions, and to clear up a hazel or an old blackberry bed makes the best of onions.

Preparation of old soil—If the land will grow 30 bushels of corn per acre, 25 wagon loads of well roted stable manure hauled and spread on evenly in the fall, and plowed in to the depth of eight inches, will be manure plenty. That is, such wagon loads as I haul, with a box twelve feet long and three deep. There is a great difference in wagon loads, and no rule can be given that will do in all cases. But it is nonsense to use as much manure every year on the same land as some advocate, and useless to handle the manure so much. Spread it on evenly when hauling and plow in is all it requires.

It is very important that the manure be plowed in in the fall of the year, so that the freezes will help to mix with the soil, and the land always works better after manuring and fall plowing. I never allow an animal of any kind to make a track on my land after it is plowed in the fall. The land will need no plowing in the spring. I use a heavy all steel harrow, and horrow until the land is well pulverized and mellow.

As to when to begin in spring, depends on the season. I always wait until the frost is all out and the land thoroughly dry before I harrow in. I know that it is useless and seed wasted to begin too soon, or to plant in cold wet land. To new beginners I would say be patient, wait until your land is dry and warm to plant. No difference how many of your neighbors have their crops in, get your land ready before planting, and plant to make a crop and not to keep up with others.

I am giving my plan for onion growing. I will state here that I do all that is possible to do by horse power, and it is better and cheaper than hand labor. When I get my land ready to plant, I take a marker made after the plan of the one in market, and mark out the rows two feet wide. I then take one horse and a horse hoe, put on the hoes, and behind them the roller, throw two furrows together, and the roller following smooths them off reading for seeding, and leaves the drills high enough above the level of the ground to prevent water from standing, which is a very important item. These drills are thus prepared by one passing over, which performs the whole operation perfectly after one learns the use of the implement.

Seeding—I use the drill in all my seeding. There is no crop that depends so much on the seed as the onion crop. My advice to new growers would be to buy your seed direct from seed growers of undoubted reputation.

In planting in drills as I do, new beginners will need a line to plant, in order to keep straight and have the drills of an even width, as this is very important in the cultivation, and a straight row is much easier to work than a crooked one. After a little practice with the drill, the use of the line can be left off. As to the depth to sow the seed no general rule can be given, as it depends altogether upon the labor and soil. If planted very early on a heavy soil, cover light; if later and on a light soil, cover deeper—from half to an inch and a half, according to soil and labor. Where onion seeds are properly planted, so they will come up with or before the weeds, there is not much trouble with the proper effort to get a good crop. But where the seeds are carelessly put in and the weeds get up ahead of the onions, it is more than double work to clean the crop, and in many instances it would be better to plow up and plant some other crop.

Cultivation—I commence to cultivate my onions before they come up by passing between the rows with the horse hoe and double wheel hoes. These implements are made with so many attachments that I can not give a plan to be followed in every case, but one must learn the use of these tools, and which points will best do the work with the least labor. With a proper understanding and use of the double-hand wheel hoe and the horse hoe a crop of onions can be raised at less than half the cost of the old hand way as described in seed catalogues.

Varieties—Red Weathersfield, Globe Danvers and White Globe are the best with me, and in the order named. The Globe Danvers is perhaps the best keeper, though either of the others, with proper handling, will keep all winter.

Gathering—When the tops begin to die and drop over, then pull up and spread thin to dry. Some crops do not ripen evenly, in this case the onions should be pulled as fast as they ripen, for if left they will in a few days after ripening commence a second growth, and will not keep if they do, for they become soft, and it is useless to try to keep them through winter. Thus the importance of pulling them as fast as they get ripe. Going over and handling the tops down will hurry the ripening. This should be done when the first ones begin to get ripe. White varieties should not be dried in the sun, for it will turn them green, but should be dried on a barn floor. Spread thinly and stir or move frequently to give them plenty of air. After they are thoroughly dry, place them in bushel boxes with open or slat sides. They can be kept this way all winter in ordinary cellars. Should boxes be placed on top of each other, leave a two inch air space between the boxes. Be sure to never cut off the tops until marketing time.

To keep onion sets, tie up in paper sacks with not over one peck per sack, and hang up in a dry place in the cellar where they will not freeze. By my system of onion raising one good man can manage three acres by having help to do the first weeding, which if well done, is more than half the battle won. By the plan given in the BLADE last week a man would do well to manage one acre.

I grow from 300 to 600 bushels per acre. In 1885 I grew 700 bushels per acre—not on paper nor at the rate of that amount per acre, but 600 bushels of fine marketable onions on an acre, besides the ones too small for market. My neighbors all come to see my onion field. When planted as here described I never spend any time to thin; it is time thrown away. I have grown 26 marketable onions on a measured space of twelve inches in length.

Now I have given my plan as briefly as possible to do the subject anything like justice.

What I know of gardening I have learned by actual experience right at the work, and while catalogues and books on gardening may be quite a help, yet common sense, seasons, soils, and circumstances must be the ruling influences which lead to success.—F. S. WHITE, Des Moines, Iowa.

The Origin of Cattle.

Prof. Boyd Dawkins, as the result of his investigations as to the origin of British breeds of cattle, believes the two principal stocks from which all the breeds are descended are undoubtedly (1) the Urus, an animal wild in the forests of Europe later than the days of Charles the Great, and which is believed to have been extinct in the British Isles; (2) the Bos longifrons, or "small Celtic Shorthorn," an animal which never was aboriginally wild in Europe. Both were probably domesticated in Asia, and both made their appearance together in the Neolithic age, in the possession of those who lived on the wooden platforms and artificial islands in the Swiss lakes. The remains of the latter are, he says, to be found all over Europe in refuse heaps belonging to various periods from the Neolithic age down to well within the historical period. It is the only domestic ox which he has met with in the large number of refuse heaps in the British Isles, ranging from the Neolithic age down to the time of the English invasion, and is represented by the present Highland cattle, small Welsh and small Irish cattle.

The first, or the Urus stock, preserved in Great Britain almost in its aboriginal purity in the so-called wild cattle of Chillingham, he has been unable to trace further back than the invasion of Britain by the English, and of Ireland by the Scandinavians. As the evidence stands, it was unknown in these islands as a domesticated animal before this time.

The present breeds are, in the opinion of Prof. Dawkins, descended from the two stocks, and are the result of crossing and selection. The polled cattle are considered to be the result of selection, in which advantage has been of a tendency to revert to an ancestral hornless type, probably as far back as the Miocene age. He would expect to meet with them from time to time in every breed, just as from time to time a horse is born with three toes, which have been derived from his remote Miocene ancestor, the Anchitherium. On this point it is interesting to note the polled skull of the Bos etruscus in the Florence museum, belonging to a fossil species, usually horned, living along with extinct elephants and rhinoceroses and other animals in the plains of Lombardy, in the Val d'Arno. Lord Selkirk's letter to Prof. Dawkins shows how the horns were lred out of the Galloway, and his version is confirmed by the independent evidence collected by Youatt. The Galloway, however, he says, were not the only polled cattle in Britain, although they were the ancestors of the Norfolk and Suffolk breeds. The Gisburne cattle, now extinct, but of which there is a specimen in the museum at Owens college, were polled, being in other respects identical with the Chillingham. It is, however, smaller. The Gisburne polled cattle became extinct in 1859, and the skull of the last bull is in the museum, as stated.

Heavy Wheat Shipments.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., March 30.—The shipment of wheat from Minneapolis last week was the largest ever known, owing to the fear of shippers that freights would be raised April 1. A large amount has been sold for export direct, and the demand for cars during the last few days has been all that the roads could supply. Shipments last week were 153,000 barrels against 105,000 barrels the same week a year ago.

Arctic Exploration.

WINNIPEG, Man., March 31.—Alex. MacArthur, who left here about a month ago to find the north pole, has returned. The news of the movements of the Esktimos, whom he expected to meet, was discouraging. They will not be on Hudson bay till the fall, and as the only other route was that which Col. Gilder found impracticable, he decided to abandon the trip for the present. He says he will make another attempt next fall. Col. Gilder, the Arctic explorer, is still here.

REV. DR. TALMAGE AT DES MOINES.

An Impending Tempest—Why All Who Wish to be Saved Should Get Into the Ark of God's Mercy.

DES MOINES, Ia., March 27.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached in this city this morning to a vast congregation. His text was Genesis vii, 1: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." The eloquent preacher said:

We do not need the Bible to prove the deluge. The geologist's hammer announces it. Sea shells and marine formations on the top of some of the highest mountains of the earth prove that at some the waters washed over the top of the Alps and the Andes. In what way the catastrophe came we know not; whether by the stroke of a comet or by flashes of lightning, changing the air into water, or by a stroke of the hand of God, like the stroke of the ax between the horns of the ox, the earth staggered. To meet the catastrophe, God ordered a great ship built. It was to be without prow, for it was to sail to no shore. It was to be without helm, for no human hand should guide it. It was a vast structure, probably as large as two or three Cunard steamers. It was the Great Eastern of olden time.

The ship is done. The door is open. The lizards crawl in. The cattle walk in. The grasshoppers hop in. The birds fly in. The invitation goes forth to Noah: "Come thou and all thy house in the ark." Just one human family embark on the strange voyage, and I hear the door slam shut. A great storm sweeps along the hills, and bends the cedars until all the branches snap in the gale. There is a moan in the winds, like unto the moan of a dying world. The blackness of the heavens is shattered by the flare of the lightnings, that look down into the waters, and throw a ghastliness on the face of the mountains. How strange it looks! How suffocating the air seems! The big drops of rain plash upon the upturned faces of those who are wabbling the tempest. Crash! go the rocks in convulsion. Boom! go the bursting heavens. The inhabitants of the earth, instead of fleeing to house-top and mountain-top, as men have fancied, sit down in dumb, white horror, to die. For when God grinds mountains to pieces, and lets the ocean slip its cable, there is no place for men to fly to. See the ark pitch and tumble in the surf, while from its windows the passengers look out upon the shipwreck of a race, and the carcasses of a dead world. Woe to the mountains! Woe to the sea!

I am no alarmist. When, on the twentieth of September, after the work has for three days been blowing from the northeast, you prophesy that the equinoctial storm is coming, you simply state a fact not to be disputed. Neither am I an alarmist when I say that a storm is coming, compared with which Noah's deluge was but an April shower, and that it is the wisest and safest for you and for me to get safely housed for eternity. The invitation that went forth to Noah sounds in our ears: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

Well, how did Noah and his family come into the ark? Did they climb in at the window, or come down the roof? No, they went through the door. And just so, if we get into the ark of God's mercy, it will be through Christ the door. The entrance to the ark of old must have been a very large entrance. We know that it was, from the fact that there were monster animals in the earlier ages, and an order to get them into the ark two and two, according to the Bible statement, the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door into the mercy of God is a large door. We go, not two by two, but by hundreds, and thousands, and by millions. Yes, all the nations of the earth may go in, ten millions abreast.

The door of the ancient ark was in the side. So now it is through the side of Christ—the pierced side, the wide open side, the heart side—that the penitent, like the Roman soldier, thrusting his spear into the Savior's side, expected only to let the blood out, but he opened the way to let all the world in. O what a broad gospel to preach! If a man is about to give an entertainment he issues one or two hundred invitations, more or less, and just directed to the particular persons whom he wishes to entertain. But God, our Father, makes a banquet, and goes out of the front door of heaven, and stretches out his hands over land and sea, and with a voice that penetrates the Hindoo jungle, and the Greenland ice-castle and Brazilian grove and English factory, and American home, cries out: "Come, for all things are now ready." It is a wide door! The old cross has been taken apart, and its two pieces are stood up for door-posts, so far apart that all the world can come in. Kings scatter treasures on days of great rejoicing. So Christ, coming, scatters pearls and rubies from the crevices of heaven. Rowland Hill said that he hoped to get into heaven through the crevices of the door. But he was not obliged thus to go in. After having preached the Gospel in Surrey chapel, going up toward heaven, the gate-keeper cried: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let this man come in." The dying thief went in.

Richard Baxter and Robert Newton went in. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, may yet go through this door without crowding. He, every one!—all conditions, all ranks, all people. Luther rose from the floor of his cell, and went on one's knees from Rome to Jerusalem; but I think it worth carrying all around the globe, and all around the heavens, that "God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Whosoever will, let him come through the large door. Archimedes wanted a fulcrum on which to place his lever, and then he said that he could move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum, and the cross of Christ is the lever; and by that power all nations shall yet be lifted.

Further; it is a door with fastenings. The Bible says of Noah: "The Lord shut him in." A vessel without bulwarks or doors would not be a safe vessel to go on. When Noah and his family heard the fastening of the door of the ark they were very glad. Without those doors were fastened the first heavy surge of the sea would have whelmed them, and they might as well have perished outside the ark as inside the ark. "The Lord shut him in." Oh, the perfect safety of the ark! The surf of the sea and the lightnings of the sky may be twisted into a garland of snow and fire—deep to deep, storm to storm, darkness to darkness—but once in the ark all is well. "God shut him in."

There comes upon the good man a deluge of financial trouble. He had his thousands to lend; now he cannot borrow a dollar. He once owned a store in New York, and had branch houses in Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans. He owned four horses and employed a man to keep the dust off his phaeton, carriage, and curricle; now he has hard work to get shoes in which to walk. The great deep of commercial disaster was all around him, and fore and aft, and across the hurricane deck the waves struck him. But he was safely sheltered from the storm. "The Lord shut him in." A flood of domestic troubles fell on him. Sickness and bereavement came. The rain pelted. The winds blew. The heavens are athirst. The gardens of the earth are withered. Rowland Hill said that he hoped to get into heaven through the crevices of the door. But he was not obliged thus to go in. After having preached the Gospel in Surrey chapel, going up toward heaven, the gate-keeper cried: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let this man come in." The dying thief went in.

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The same door-fastenings that kept Noah in keep the world out. I am glad to know that when a man reaches heaven all earthly troubles are done with him. Here he may have had it hard to get bread for his family; there he will never hunger any more. Here he may have wept bitterly; there "the tears shall be wiped away from all eyes." Here may have had work to get a house; but in my Father's house are many mansions, and rent day they never come. Here there are death beds, and coffins, and graves. There no sickness, no weary watching, no choking cough, no consuming fever, no chattering chill, no tolling bell, no grave. The sorrows of life shall come up and knock at the door, but no admittance. Safe forever! All the agony of earth in one wave, dashing against the bulwarks of the ship of celestial light, shall not break them down. Howl on, ye winds, and rage ye seas! The Lord—"the Lord shut him in."

O, what a grand old door! so wide, so easily swung both ways, and with such sure fastenings. No burglar's key can pick that lock. No swarthy arm of hell can shove back the bolt. I rejoice that I do not see which to come aboard a crazy craft with broken helm, and unfastened door; but an ark of 50 cubits wide and 300 cubits long, and a door so large that the round earth, without grazing the posts, might be bowled in.

Now, if the ark of Christ is so grand a place in which to live, and die, and triumph, come into the ark. Know well that the door that shut Noah in shut the world out; and though, when the pitiless storm came pelting on their heads, they beat upon the door, saying: "Let me in! let me in!" the door did not open. For 120 years they were invited. They expected to get in; but the antediluvians said: "We must cultivate these fields; we must be worth more flocks of sheep and herds of cattle; we will wait until we get a little older; we will enjoy our old farm a little longer." But meanwhile the storm was brewing. The fountains of heaven were filling up. The day we were 100 years old the foundations of the great deep. The last year had come, the last month, the last week, the last day, the last hour, the last moment. In an awful dash, an ocean dropped from the sky, and another rolled up from beneath; and God rolled the earth and sky into one wave of universal destruction.

So now men are getting into the ark. They say they will wait 20 years first. They will have a little longer time with their worldly associates. They will wait until they get older. They say: "You cannot expect a man of my attainments and of my position to surrender myself just on the eve of a storm. Yes, I will go in. Yes, I will. I know what I am about. Trust me." After awhile, one night about 12 o'clock, going home, he passes a scaffolding as a gust of wind strikes it, and a plank falls.

Dead! and outside of the ark! or, riding in the ark, a reckless voice crashes into him, and his horse becomes unmanageable, and he shouts, "Whoa! Whoa!" and takes another twist in the reins, and plants his feet against the dashboard, and pulls back. But no use. It is not so much down the avenue that he flies as on the way to eternity. Out of the wreck of the crash his body is drawn, but his soul is not picked up. It fled behind a swifter courier into the great future. Dead! and outside the ark! Or, some night he wakes up with a distress that momentarily increases until he shrieks out with pain. The doctor comes in, and they give him twenty drops, forty drops, sixty drops, but no relief. No time for prayer. No time to read one of the promises. No time to get a single sin pardoned. The whole house is aroused in alarm. The children scream. The wife faints. The pulses fail. The heart stops. The soul flees. Oh, my God! dead! and outside the ark!

I have no doubt that derision keep many people out of the ark. The world laughed to see a man go in, and said: "Here is a man starting for the ark. Why, there will be no deluge. If there is one, that miserable ship will not weather it. What coming into the ark! Well, that is too good to keep. Here, fellows, have you heard the news? This man is going into the ark." Under his artillery of scorn the man's good resolution perished.

And so there are hundreds kept out by fear of derision: "What would they say at the store to-morrow morning if I should become a Christian? When I go down to the club-house they would shout: 'Here comes that new Christian. Suppose you will not have anything to do with us now. Suppose you are praying now. Get down on your knees, and let us hear you pray. Come, now, give us a touch. Will not do it, eh? Pretty Christian you are.'" Is it not the fear of being laughed at that keeps you out of the kingdom of God? Which of these scorners will help you at the last? When you lie down on a dying pillow, which of them will be there? In the day of eternity, will they hail you out?

My friends and neighbors, come in right away. Come in through Christ, the wide door—the door that swings out toward you. Come in and be saved. Come in and be happy. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." Room in the ark! Room in the ark!

But do not come alone. The text invites you to bring your family. "Come, thou and all thy house." That means your wife and your children. You cannot drive them in. If Noah had tried to drive the pigeons and the doves into the ark he would only have scattered them. Some parents are not wise about these things. They make iron rules about Sabbaths, and they force the catechism down the throat, as they would hold the child's nose and force down a dose of hyburh or calomel. You cannot drive your children into the ark. You can draw your children to Christ, but you can not drive them. The cross was lifted, not to drive, but to draw. "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." As the sun draws up the drops of morning dew, so the Sun of Righteousness exhales the tears of repentance.

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Be sure that you bring your husband and wife with you. How would Noah have felt if, when he heard the rain pattering on the roof of the ark, he knew that his wife was outside in the storm? No; she went with him. And yet some of you are on the ship, "outward-bound" for heaven, but your companion is unsheltered. You remember the day when the marriage-ring was set. Nothing has yet been able to break it. Sickness came, and the finger shrank, but the ring staid on. The swim-eyed alone above a child's grave, and the mouth of the tomb swallowed up thousand hopes; but the ring dropped not into the open grave. Days of poverty came, and the hand did many a hard day's work, but the rubbing of the work against the ring only made it shine the brighter. Shall that ring ever be lost? Will the frost clang of the sepulcher gate crush it for ever? I pray God that you who have been married on earth may be together in heaven. Oh! by the quiet bliss of your earthly home; by the babe's cradle; by all the vows of that day when you started life together, I beg you to see to it that you both get into the ark.

Come in, and bring your wife or your husband with you—not by fretting about religion, or ding-donging them about religion, but by a consistent life, and by compelling prayer that shall bring the throne of God down into your bed-room. Better live in the smallest house in Brooklyn and get into heaven than to live for 50 years in the finest house on Madison square, and wake up at last and find that one of you, for ever, is outside the ark. Go home to-night, lock the door of your room, take up the Bible and read it together; and then kneel down and commend your souls to Him who has watched you all these years, and, before you rise, there will be a fluttering of wings over your head, angel crying to angel, "Behold, they pray."

But this does not include your family. Bring your children, too. God bless the dear little children! What would our homes be without them? We have done much for them. They have done more for us. What a salve for a wounded heart there is in the soft palm of a child's hand! Had her eyes closed in death such music as there is in a child's "good-night?" From our coarse, rough life, the angels of God are often driven back, but who comes into the nursery without feeling that angels are hovering around? They who die in infancy go into glory, but you are expecting your children to grow up into this world. It is not a question, then, that rings through all the corridors, and windings, and heights, and depths of your soul, what is to become of your sons and daughters for time and for eternity. "O!" you say, "I mean to see that they have good manners." Very well. "I mean to dress them well, if I have myself to go without." Very good. "I mean to give them an education, and I shall leave them a fortune." Very well. But is that all? Don't you mean to take them into the ark? Don't you know that the storm is coming, and that out of Christ there is no safety? no pardon? no hope? no heaven? How to get them in? Why, in precisely as Noah had staid out, do you not suppose that his sons, Shem, Ham and Japhet, would have stayed out? Your sons and daughters will be apt to do just as you do. Reject Christ yourself, and the probability is that your children will reject him.

An account was taken of the religious condition of families in a certain district. Of the families of pious parents, two-thirds of the children were Christians. In the families where the parents were ungodly, only one-twelfth of the children were Christians. Responsible as you are for their temporal existence, you are also responsible for their eternal welfare. Which are you take them? Out into the deluge or into the ark? Have you ever made one earnest prayer for their immortal souls?

What will you say in the judgment, when God asks: "Where is George, or Henry, or Frank, or Mary, or Anna? Where are those that I gave you as your sole interests I committed into your hands?"

A dying son said to his father: "Father, you gave me an education, and good manners, and everything that the world could do for me; but, father, you never told me how to die, and now my soul is going out in the darkness."

Go home and erect a family altar. You may break down in your prayer. But never mind. God will take what you mean, whether you express it intelligibly or not. Bring all your house into the ark. Is there one son you have given up? Is he so dissipated that you have stopped counseling and praying? Give him up? How dare you give him up? Did God ever give thee up? Whilst thou hast a single articulation of speech left, cease not to pray for the return of that prodigal. He may even now be standing on the beach at Hong Kong or Madras, meditating a return to his father's house. Give him up? Never give him up. Has God put on record to hear thy prayer only to mock thee? It is not too late.

In St. Paul's, London, there is a whispering-gallery. A voice uttered most feebly at one side of the gallery is heard distinctly at the opposite side, a great distance off. So, every word of earnest prayer goes all around the earth, and makes heaven a whispering-gallery. Go into the ark—not to sit down, but to stand in the door, and call until all the family come in. Aged Noah, where is Japhet? David, where is Absalom? Hannah, where is Samuel? Bring them in through Christ the door. Would it not be pleasant to spend eternity with our families? Gladder than Christmas or Thanksgiving festival will be the reunion, if we get all our family into the ark. Which of them can we spare out of heaven?

On one of the late steamers there were a father and two daughters journeying. They were second-class passengers. A benevolent gentleman stepped up to the poor man to proffer some form of relief, and said: "You seem to be very poor, sir." Poor, sir," replied the man; "if there's a poorer man than me a troubling the world, God pity both of us!" "I will take one of your children and adopt it if you say so. I think it would be a great blessing to you." "A what?" said the poor man. "A relief." "Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped off from the body, or the heart torn from the breast? A relief, indeed! God be good to us! What do you mean, sir?"

However many children we may have, we have none to give up. Which of our families can we afford to spare out of heaven? Come, father! Come, mother! Come, son! Come, daughter! Come, brother! Come, sister! Only one step, and we are in. Christ, the door, swings out to admit us; and it is not the wilderness of a stormy blast that you hear, but the voice of a loving and patient God that addresses you, saying: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

And there may the Lord shut us in.

News of the Week.

SEN. SHERMAN'S VIEWS

On the South and Its Future—Its Young Men Are Progressive and Seem Determined to Improve the Natural Advantages of the Country—What Protection Has Done.

NEW YORK, March 2.—A Washington dispatch gives the following interview with Sen. Shewman: In reply to question, "Do you find any change in the material prosperity of the South since you made a decade ago?" Mr. Sherman said: "In Florida I did not. In Northern Alabama and Eastern and Middle Tennessee yes, decidedly yes. Florida has no staple products. Her chief dependence is in—"sick yankees"—as they call the Northern tourists, and her profits come from the sale of oranges.

"I don't think I can say much else for the state. On the other hand, the coal and iron industries of Alabama and Tennessee are bringing those states rapidly to the front. This whole region thereabouts is developing immensely. The hills and dales remind me greatly of our western country. The people are alive and ambitious. Immigration is rapidly pouring in, and capital is going there in vast volumes."

"And is this immigration and capital mainly from the North, Senator?"

"To a considerable extent. The younger men of the South are very progressive, however, and they, too, are flocking into this coal and iron field."

"Do you think the Republican party will secure the electoral vote of any Southern states in 1888?" the Senator was next asked.

"There are six Southern states that are naturally Republican," he said. "These are North Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama and Tennessee. But for the race prejudices existing there we would have no difficulty in adding them to the Republican column."

"Is it true that the colored people are going over to the Democratic party in any considerable numbers?"

"No sir," was the emphatic reply.

"There is no truth in that. A Southern colored man is a Republican instinctively. Educate him and he becomes all the more confirmed in his adherence to the principles of the Republican party."

"What do the Republicans propose to do about the alleged intimidation of the colored voter by the white Democrats of the South?"

"I can't say as to that. We certainly ought to do something to protect those people. I think we will do so in the next Presidential campaign. Just what our mode of procedure will be, I can't tell, but we feel that the time has come when we ought to claim our rights.

"Tennessee, North Carolina and Florida are very closely divided politically even now. Tennessee and North Carolina naturally belong to us. We ought to have them both. Speaking of the intimidation of colored people to a white Southern Democrat, recently, I was surprised to hear him say that it was a subject which was giving the more thoughtful of his people a great deal of concern. They excuse their action on the ground that 'the end justifies the means,' but they are coming to see that such methods are really dangerous and subversive of our Republican institutions.

"They are all patriotic Americans and they can not fail to see how it is going to end if much longer persisted it."

"Are the Southern negroes devoting much attention to the matter of education?"

"I never saw anything like it. Their thirst for knowledge has been greatly increased by the obstacles previously thrown in their way. There are several excellent colored universities in the south. The Fisk University at Nashville is especially good. The young men and women attending it are bright and very intelligent. The young white people of the south must look well to their laurels or their black neighbors will soon lead them in the race for mental improvement."

"Is protection doing much for the Republican party in the South?"

"A great deal. The tendency of a Democrat is in the direction of free trade. Every manufacturer is a natural protectionist. Unless the Democratic politicians of the South enroll themselves under that banner they will soon find the brains and capital of that region unalterately opposed to them."

NORTHWESTERN FLOUR

Crowding the Mills to Their Utmost Capacity—The Feeling of Uncertainty.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 31.—The *Northwestern Miller* says that with fairly good power and desiring to get out all the flour possible before freights advance, the millers last week rolled up a large output—141,150 barrels, ranging from 29,520 barrels daily against 79,000 barrels the previous week and 123,400 barrels the corresponding time in 1886. One more mill is running this week making eighteen in operation and the product promises to reach 24,000 barrels per day.

"The water has come up so that mills have nearly as much power as they want without steam. There seems to be a great deal of uncertainty about the operation of the mills after this week owing to the inter-state law. Millers are unable to obtain quotations of rates to points to which they would ship, and are very much in the dark as to how to proceed. By use of transit contracts, however, of which enough is said to have been issued to cover all the wheat left in the Northwest, the majority will doubtless manage to get along in good shape as far as the rate to Chicago is concerned, anyway.

"One mill of 16,000 barrel capacity shuts down to-morrow and about April 10 another of 14,000 barrels capacity will be stopped.

"Exports last week were heavy, and the flour market was more active and firmer. The exports aggregated 614,589 barrels. Receipts last week: Wheat, 772,280 bu; shipments, wheat, 408,160 bu; flour, 173,240 bbls; mill stuff, 4,154 tons.

"Wheat in store in Minneapolis, 7,508,685 bu; Duluth, 10,447,240 bu; St. Paul, 880,000.

AGAINST CHOLERA.

Texas Preparing to Keep Out the Unwelcome Visitor.

EL PASO, Tex., March 31.—Quarantine was instituted here to-day against cholera. The state has been under proper quarantine since February 7, but the proclamation has not heretofore been enforced at this point.

The cholera has traveled northward in South America until it has reached the Isthmus of Panama, and it is feared the Mexican Central trains may bring it into the United States.

By order of the state health officer,

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

John G. Saxe, the poet, is dead.

Dun & Co. report business good for past week.

Disastrous fire raging on the Brazos river, Texas.

Public debt was reduced twelve millions during March.

Herr Most is out of jail and is more anarchistic than ever.

Dun's report says business is improving, with fewer failures.

Ex-Sec. Manning's sea voyage has done him a great deal of good.

Kissane, the forger, was in Walker's fillibustering army at Nicaragua.

Another attempt is to be made by the Oklahoma boomers to settle there.

People of Texas are actually starving to death and aid is wanted at once.

Women in New Jersey have been given the right of suffrage at school elections.

Sen. Sherman says the South is entering upon an era of unprecedented prosperity.

Two New Yorkers are going to have a yacht race for a pint cup full of gold dollars.

Pres. Diaz, in his annual message, says Mexico is in good condition in every respect.

The inter-state commerce commission has settled down to work and has plenty to do.

Assistant Sec. Fairchild, appointed secretary of the treasury, and takes official possession.

Anti-secret society convention in Chicago says Masons cannot become consistent church members.

Portions of another charred body were found in the Richmond hotel ruins at Buffalo yesterday.

The sales of fruit along the Atlantic coast of Honduras now net that country $1,000,000 per annum.

Miss Catherine Wolfe, the well known and charitable lady of New York city, died this morning.

The New Jersey Senate yesterday passed a bill giving women the right of suffrage in school elections.

The Texas legislature has passed a bill making it a felony to consolidate parallel competing railroads.

The postmaster at Carrollton, Ky., which became a presidential office on April 1, was reappointed.

B. B. Crandall, of Buffalo, supposed to have suicided at Niagara Falls a year ago, is reported alive in California.

The Arkansas legislature has passed a bill to settle the unadjusted state debt, amounting to about $5,000,000.

Frank James, with his family, left Nevada, Mo., Wednesday night for Denison, Tex., where he will enter business.

Delegates representing 12,000 Welsh miners met at Rhondda and adopted a resolution demanding the eight-hour law.

A blizzard is raging in Dakota and Minnesota. The thermometer at Yankton, Dak., sank from 40 degrees above to zero in 24 hours.

The Illinois House to-day passed a bill making it unlawful to hunt or kill prairie chicans, quail or pheasants for a term of five years.

Edwin H. Fitler was on Monday inaugurated mayor of Philadelphia and entered upon his duties as the first mayor under the new city charter.

George Slosson, Chicago, defeated Jacob Schaefer, St. Louis, at cushion caroms in Central Music Hall, Chicago, Monday night. Score, 500 to 458.

The President has signed the commissions of Charles S. Fairchild, as secretary of the treasury, and Isaac H. Maynard as assistant secretary of the treasury.

The Texas Senate has refused to legislate Judge Frank Willis out of office. Willis was charged with complicity in schemes of certain large owners of the Pan Handle.

Messrs. Cooley, Morrison, Schoonmaker and Walker, of the inter-state commerce commission, called at the White House to-day and had a short conference with the President.

Dronth all over Texas, long continued, is imperilling crops and delaying planting. The governor has on his hands a bill to exempt men from the forcible collection of taxes this year. The dronth is universal and distressing.

The London Radical clubs are organizing a demonstration against the coercion bill. They propose to hold a meeting in Hyde Park on Monday, and it is expected there will be an imposing procession.

The comptroller of the currency has directed Honnor W. Nash, bank examiner, Detroit, to take charge of the national banks in the state of Michigan, formerly in charge of Mr. Dyer, who has resigned.

At the sale of the statuary of the late A. T. Stewart, Powers's "Greek Slave," valued at $5,000, and many other works received no bids large enough to make a sale. The executors propose to leave them in the marble mansion, leying the purchasers of that palace will buy them.

WASHINGTON.

DEBT STATEMENT.

Report of the Secretary of the Treasury for March.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—Following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued to-day:

Debt Bearing Interest.	
Four and a half per cent	$ 250,000,000
Four per cent	737,792,750
Three per cent	35,976,550
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	181,900
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railway bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	$1,102,571,112
Interest	11,713,141
Total	$1,114,284,253
Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.	
Principal	$ 6,926,275
Interest	198,717
Total	$ 7,124,992
Debt Bearing No Interest.	
Old demand and legal tender notes	$ 346,738,266
Certificates of deposit	7,135,000
Gold certificates	94,046,015
Silver certificates	131,930,489
Fractional currency, less $6,- 375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	$6,948,497 37
Principal	$ 586,798,207
Total Debt.	
Principal	$1,696,295,654
Interest	11,911,859
Total	$1,708,207,513
Deductions.	
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	$ 268,123,971
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
	368,123,971
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,340,083,542
Recapitulation.	
Net cash in the treasury	$21,859,983
Debt less cash in the treasury March 1, 1887	$1,318,223,558
Debt less cash in the treasury February 1, 1887	1,331,032,026
Decrease of debt during month	$ 12,808,467
Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.	
Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 94,046,015
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	131,930,489
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	7,135,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	18,838,134
Cash held for bonds called not matured and balance of interest	16,172,123
Fractional currency	2,210
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 268,123,971
Reserve Fund.	
Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000
Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.	
Fractional silver coin	$ 26,601,613
Minor coin	151,058
Total	$ 26,752,672
Certificates held as cash	36,380,459
Net cash balance on hand	21,859,983
Total cash in treasury as shown by treasurer's general account	$ 453,117,086

FOOD FISHES.

A Thorough Investigation to be Made in the Pacific—Trip of the Thetis.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—It is the intention of the fish commission to make an extensive investigation of the food fishes of the Pacific coast. For this purpose the steamer Albatross will shortly be sent to Baltimore to receive new boilers now being made for her and designed to fit the vessel for extended voyages.

It is the present intention to have the Albatross sail in October and pass through the Straits of Magellan and up the coast of America. She will stay in the Pacific for two years or longer and a thorough inquiry will be made into all matters relating to food fishes.

The Albatross will also make investigations in the Gulf of California for the purpose of ascertaining the results which have followed the deposit of a large supply of young shad in the Colorado river a few years ago. Prof. Baird said to-day that the fish commission hoped to make the Gulf of California the peer of Chesapeake bay as a food producing arm of the sea.

The Albatross will have on board a full corps of competent scientific experts and it is expected that much valuable information will be procured.

The Thetis, which will soon leave for a cruise in Alaskan waters, is being fitted up by the fish commission with scientific apparatus in order that data and facts supplemental to those secured by the Albatross may be obtained.

CLEVELAND IS ALL RIGHT.

He Is Not Gaining Flesh and is In Good Shape Physically—His Political Shape, He Thinks, is Good, Too.

NEW YORK, April 1.—The Washington correspondent of the *Herald* telegraphs the following to his paper:

Do not waste any time about our Democratic President. He is all right physically, mentally and politically, and he means reform. I have had the pleasure of a good two hours' talk with him.

First—As to Mr. Cleveland's physical condition:

So many stories have been told over the country about an alarming increase in weight that I supposed from the amount of smoke that there must be some fire somewhere. I have seen Mr. Cleveland on very many occasions, but I never saw him look so well as he did yesterday. He has lost rather than gained in flesh.

"You are well, Mr. President?" I asked.

"Perfectly," he answered. "I never worked harder or felt better in my life."

"But some of the Republican papers are very solicitous about your health," I suggested, "and are giving the people the impression that a second term would find you too enfeebled for the great responsibilities of your office."

There was a merry twinkle in his eye as he replied: "Well, I'm not to be killed off by any 'offensive partisanship' of that kind."

"As for a second term," and here he grew very serious, "that is all in the air and I have nothing to do with it. My time is taken up fully with my present duties and I propose to do my work in such a way that my successor, whoever he may be, will have nothing to undo. It will be the business of the party to name their best man, that is, the man who can carry out Democratic principles and policies, and the man who can best protect and defend the rights of the people."

I said to the President—"Mr. Cleveland, there seems to be a good deal of interest in this land question."

"Yes, was his quiet answer, "and very properly, I think. It is one of the live questions of the day, and certainly one of the most important."

"The railroad corporations appear to be somewhat greedy," I suggested.

"Well," he said, "a railroad corporation should have its legal rights—no more, no less,—but the people should have their rights also. When a road is a settler—I don't mean a mere land speculator, but a farmer who builds his little house and sets about the improvement of the acres on which he has settled, when such a man has legally taken possession of his 160 acres he ought to feel that the government is behind him."

"You are right to feel that way," said, so far as this administration is concerned, it is clearly the friend of the people. While, as a matter of course, the administration will protect the lawful rights of a corporation as well as those of the people, still I think it should be specially jealous of the rights of settlers and working classes.

"I will go even further than that, and say that if by any construction of the law a seeming injustice is done to the humblest farmer in the furthest corner of the land, then the law ought to be changed, and changed at once. I am of the people. I believe in the people, and I stand by them and with them—first, last and all the time."

BAD FOR CHICAGO.

Fire Insurance Companies will Withdraw Their Risks if the Socialists Win To-Day's Election.

CHICAGO, April 5.—A report was current yesterday that Messrs. J. V. Farwell & Co. had, some time ago, written to several insurance companies throughout the country, which have agencies represented here, asking for an increased line of insurance, and that the insurance companies had refused to take any more risks in Chicago until after the present local election was decided, and if the socialistic ticket was elected, that they would withdraw from here entirely.

A reporter called upon Mr. J. V. Farwell yesterday, and asked him in regard to the report.

"Well," said the gentleman, "you can form your opinion from this letter."

The letter in question was from the vice president of an insurance company to whom Mr. Farwell had written. It stated that the risk had been offered to another company, whose president declined it, giving as reason for his action, "fear that the anarchists may someday burn up your city."

"There," said Mr. Farwell, after the reporter had read the letter, "is the fact, and it speaks for itself. The gentlemun who has charge of our insurance may be able to tell you more."

This gentleman said that in case of a victory for the socialists to-day he was assured that a large number of insurance companies would withdraw their risks.

A CLERICAL MUSS

Growing Out of the St. Louis Strike—A Priest Ousted for Sympathizing with the Knights of Labor.

ST LOUIS, April 5.—Catholic circles are agitatated here over the recent action of Archbishop Kenrick in ousting Father O'Leary from his diocese. Ever since the strike of the street railway system began, Father O'Leary and the archbishop have not got along well together, owing to the difference of opinion in the policy that should be pursued towards the Knights of Labor, and the priest has been threatened with removal.

Recently O'Leary applied for a letter of recommendation to be used during his temporary absence. Instead of this he was given an exeat. In a feeling of great anger he said: "Your grace, that is not worth the paper it is written on."

"If it is not," the archbishop replied, "it will serve as an introduction to an exeat."

Never before in the west, it is said, has a priest defied the authority of his superior, and the clergy are in a state of excitement over the matter; for Father O'Leary asserts that he will ignore the exeat, as the archbishop is guilty of grave canonical blunders in giving it. He says the archbishop has no authority to issue an exeat.

PAUPERS IN THE BAY STATE

Fare Hardly at the Hands of the Selectmen.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., April 5.—The death of Abbie Lindsey, the insane pauper who escaped from the Prescott asylum three days weeks ago, has led to an investigation of the institution by the State board of Lunacy and Charity.

Mrs. S. M. Brown, of Westboro, was sent there and found that the building was unfit for occupancy. The selectmen had used a ball and chain on the legs of inmates, and had confined them in small, loathsome rooms.

Mrs. Lindsey was horsewhipped and ducked in water, when she pleaded to go home. She was assigned to watch with a dying inmate when she jumped from a window and escaped in a blinding snow storm. Her remains were found about three-quarters of a mile from the almshouse yesterday. Crows had eaten the face. The body was in a kneeling position.

LEGISLATURE SUED

For Causing the Arrest and Imprisonment of a Newspaper Correspondent.

AUSTIN, Tex., April 5.—H. S. Canfield, the newspaper man who was recently imprisoned by order of the state house of representatives, for having caused the arrest of the speaker during a session, has filed a suit for damages against J. C. Carr, sergeant at arms of the House, and the 58 members of the body who voted for his imprisonment.

He claims $25 for actual damages, $10,000 for damages in character and reputation, and $100,000 for punitory damages. The members against whom the suit is brought were served with citations yesterday and shortly after the legislature adjourned, the members held a meeting to decide upon what course to pursue. Those present agreed that each would pay his pro rata share of the expense of defending the suit.

BUSINESS FAILURES.

Encouraging Report by R. G. Dun & Co.'s ——.

NEW YORK, April 5.—Business failures during the three months ending yesterday, as reported by R. G. Dun & Co., number 3,007 against 1,263 for the same quarter of 1886. The comparative liabilities for the corresponding periods were: 1887, $32,161,000; 1886, $29,681,000. The geographical distribution is somewhat unusual. Liabilities in the Middle states amount to $12,000,000, showing an increase of over $6,000,000 compared with 1886, and in New York city they were $5,000,000, against $2,700,000 last year. In all other sections of country except the Middle states the failures are fewer and much less in amount than the average, and the total result is much less than previous years. Canada failures for the first quarter of 1887 are 393, against 389 in 1886.

Fires in March.

NEW YORK, April 5.—March fires, according to the New York *Daily Commercial Advertiser-Bulletin*, estimate a cost to the United States and Canada of $100,600,000, or $3,000,000 above the average in that month for a dozen years. The number of large fires was extraordinary, there having been 25 where reported loss was $100,000 and more. At this rate, says the *Bulletin*, the fire waste of 1887 will exceed that of 1886, which was an exceptional year.

THE ELECTION IN OHIO.

Important Part Played by the Labor Party —Democratic Tactics Don't Always Win.

CINCINNATI, April 5.—The *Enquirer* has little to say of the meaning of the election. It says of the result: "It is at best clear that no Democrat upon the general ticket has been chosen. Fitzgerald ran ahead of the remainder, but not sufficiently. The party is left completely out.

The complete count for mayor yesterday shows: Smith, (Rep.) 17,963; Matson, (Dem.) 11,951; Stevenson, (Labor) 17,367; Smith's plurality, 596.

A curious fact is that the Third, Fourth, Nineteenth and Twenty-first wards, hitherto strongly Democratic, and the Tenth, Eleventh, Twenty-second and Twenty-fourth strongly Republican, were carried yesterday by the Labor party.

CLEVELAND went Democratic yesterday, owing to Republican apathy. The boodle Democracy with the saloon element and no-Sunday gang have also carried the day in Columbus.

THE MICHIGAN ELECTION.

The Prohibition Amendment Has Been Carried by a Small Majority.

DETROIT, April 5.—Returns from the state outside the larger cities are very incomplete as to the vote on the prohibition amendment. The *Evening Journal* returns up to 10 a. m indicate that the amendment has been carried by a small majority.

While the returns from the counties are still delayed, it is certain that Long (Rep.) is elected to the Supreme bench by a handsome majority. He runs ahead of Campbell (Rep.) in nearly every polling place. Campbell is elected by a majority one-third less than Long, and the Republican regents have been unsuccessful by majorities between the two judges.

The country has gone strongly for prohibition, but the returns are not yet sufficiently definite to say whether the country has been able to wipe out the majorities against the amendment rolled up by the cities. The probability this morning was that the amendment had been carried by a small majority.

The salaries amendment has been defeated. James McMillan, chairman of the Republican state committee, says that while he has no figures on which to base an accurate estimate, his belief is that the Republican state ticket has been elected by 10,000 and that the amendment is defeated by about the same figures. At 10 o'clock this morning, Prof. Dickie, chairman of the Prohibition state committee, claimed the amendment had carried by 30,000 majority.

BY 25,000 MAJORITY.

The Latest from Chicago Shows that the City is Going Strongly Republican.

CHICAGO, April 5.—At 3 o'clock this afternoon, within one hour of the closing of the polls, it is estimated that 70,000 votes have been polled. The absolute defeat of the labor ticket is assured, but the estimates as to the majorities are conjectured ad vary widely.

While the labor and socialistic leaders have made claims that they would poll 40,000 votes, it is certain that the vote will fall below 30,000, and the claim is even made that the party will not cast to exceed 20,000 votes as the total showing of the party strength.

Very few Democrats have voted the labor ticket, and while some have remained away from the polls, the support of the Republican ticket by the Democrats has been as heartily as by the Republicans themselves.

In the Fourteenth ward, which is a Socialistic stronghold, and which the Labor managers claimed their party would carry by 3,000 to 4,000 majority has undoubtedly gone Republican. The showing in the other wards, claimed by the Socialists is almost equally disastrous.

It is regarded as doubtful whether the Labor party will elect more than two aldermen, and that this will be the extent of the showing the party will be able to make. At 3 o'clock this afternoon bets were made in the pool rooms that the Republican ticket would be elected by 25,000 majority.

LABOR CANDIDATES IN MILWAUKEE

A Strong Fight is Being Made and the Result Will Be Very Close.

MILWAUKEE, April 5.—The political campaign which culminates to-day has been a memorable one, the contest being between the Fusion (Dem.) and (Rep.) party and the People's (Labor) party for Circuit and Superior court judges and ward representatives in the Common Council.

So far the election has progressed very quietly. A comparatively large labor vote is being polled in many of the wards, and the leaders of that party are confident of the election of their judicial candidates, N. S. Murphy for Circuit judge and Peter Rupp for Superior judge.

On the other hand the Fusianists hold that the outside returns in the county will more than offset the Labor gains in the city.

The Fusian candidates for Circuit and Superior benches are D. S. Johnson and George H. Noyes. The result will be close.

The Labor Party at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, April 5.—There being no mayor or other city officers elected here this year—only members of the municipal assembly being voted for—not much interest is being taken in the contest to-day. The labor party, however, has a ticket in the field and the workingmen are making considerable effort to elect it, but outside of this, the election is tame, and all quiet.

A Texas Election.

PALESTINE, Tex., April 5.—Col. William H. Martin, the Democratic nominee, was to-day elected to Congress from this (second) district, to fill the unexpired term of John H. Reagan. A very light vote was polled. The Republicans presented no candidate.

Wisconsin Solons.

MADISON, Wis., April 5.—Sen. James introduced in the Senate last night a joint resolution granting permission to introduce a bill to abolish the pass system now practiced by railroads in this state.

The Assembly passed the bill which prohibits under a penalty the printing and circulating at the polls of split tickets unless the words "split ticket" appears at the head.

JEFF. DAVIS HEARD FROM.

He is Willing to Deliver a Commencement Address in a Northern College.

KANSAS CITY, April 4.—It is the custom of the literary societies of William Jewell College each year to select a distinguished man to deliver an address during the commencement exercises. At a joint meeting of the societies two weeks ago, a freshman named Reed nominated Jefferson Davis to deliver the address this year, and read what he declared to be a letter he had received from Mr. Davis in reply to one he had written. In the professed letter, Mr. Davis said that if invited to address the societies he would gladly do so.

Suspecting the genuineness of the letter, the students appointed a committee which wrote the ex-President of the Confederacy asking if he had received a communication from Roddy and if he had replied as stated. A few days ago the committee heard from Mr. Davis. He said he had received no communication upon the subject mentioned in the committee's letter and that he could not have written the letter read by Roddy because he was not at the place at which it was dated at the time. He added that he would not say whether or not he would deliver an address at William Jewell until he was informed whether such an act was desirable.

The students regard this as an intimation that Mr. Davis would favorably consider such an invitation, and at their next regular meeting they will vote to invite him. The commencement exercises will be held in June.

As for young Roddy, he will be tried by the students upon charges of forgery and misrepresentation, and will probably be expelled from the society of which he is a member.

John G. Saxe Dead.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 1.—John Godfrey Saxe, the poet, died here to-day.

John Godfrey Saxe was born in Highgate, Franklin county, Vermont, June 2, 1816. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1839, was admitted to the bar at St. Albans, in 1843, and practiced in his native county until March, 1850. From 1850 to 1856 he was editor of the Burlington *Sentinel*, and in 1856 was state's attorney. In 1860 he was the candidate of the Democratic party of Vermont for governor. His published works include, Progress, a Satire; New Rape of the Lock; The Proud Miss McBride; The Twins; The Money King, and Other Poems; Clever Stories of Many Nations; The Masquerade, and Other Poems; Fables and Legends in Rhyme; and Leisure Day Rhymes.

Heaviest Snow Storm of the Season.

MILWAUKEE, April 4.—A special from Negaunee, Mich., says that the heaviest snow storm of the season, accompanied by a fierce northwest wind, has been raging all over the upper Michigan peninsula for the past twelve hours. From fifteen to eighteen inches of snow has fallen on the level, and trains in all directions are delayed. The storm will affect the election in the entire district, as it is thought that not more than half a vote will be polled.

DEACON SMITH, OF CINCINNATI,

Gives the New Yorkers a Straight Tip on Presidential Possibilities.

NEW YORK, March 30.—Richard Smith, of Cincinnati, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The *Tribune* quotes him as saying yesterday:

We don't care anything about New York in the next Presidential election. Sherman can carry Indiana, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. We can carry the three Southern states I have named on the tariff question, and opposition to Cleveland. There is a question about it.

If New York wants to fall into line she can. I understand that Sherman is well regarded in New York city. In Indiana the Democrats have played into our hands, just as they did in Ohio. They have given us the state by their maladministration of affairs. Hoadly gave them the worst blow just before he left Cincinnati when he made the speech in which he told them plainly that they had overreached themselves by frauds that deserved universal condemnation from all honest men. If we cannot win the next presidential election we deserve to be beaten. The Democrats have given us the advantage."

Gen. Dudley, the former United States commissioner of pensions, whose knowledge of Indiana politics is known to be thorough and intimate, listened to a part of Mr. Smith's conversation, and confirmed what he said about Indiana sentiment by saying: "Indiana will be solid for any Republican for President. We can carry it next year with Lieut. Gov. Robertson as a candidate for governor by 30,000 majority. As far as Presidential candidates are concerned, it is not to be forgotten that we also have a young man who is to be considered in the list. We think Ben Harrison can make a run equal to the best. If the Republicans in the country had understood and appreciated the situation in Indiana last fall and had given us the help we needed for our campaign, we would have re-elected Harrison to the Senate. As it was, we lost the trick."

MR. DOYLE'S REPORT.

How Civil Service Reform is Progressing in the Country.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Sec. John L. Doyle, of the civil service commission, has just returned from a three weeks' tour to different cities, where he has been conducting regular examinations at certain places. He held examinations at Pittsburg and Williamsport, Pa., Rochester and Buffalo, N. Y., Detroit, Lansing and Grand Rapids, Mich., Toledo and Cleveland, O., and at Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mr. Doyle says he took special pains to inquire of postmasters and board of examiners, and of leading citizens with whom he came in contact, about the growth of civil service reform sentiment in the West, and feels satisfied it has not made any such advance in the West as it has in the East.

In New York and Massachusetts state civil service boards and rules have been in operation for several years, and the people have a clearer comprehension of the purpose sought to be attained than exists in the West. In several of the Western cities civil service reform associations have been organized, and they are doing good work, and in several of the Western states efforts are being made to establish state boards under regular statutes.

WESTERN CATTLE

Have Not Suffered Much Except in Texas —Encouraging Reports.

FT. WORTH, Tex., April 1.—Col. S. P. Cunningham, agent of the Bureau of animal industry, recently visited southwest Kansas, New Mexico and Colorado. He reports cattle on the ranges of New Mexico, Indian Territory and Colorado to have come through the winter in excellent shape and with but slight losses.

His trip was made in the interest of the spring round-up, recently ordered. He reports that the sanitary boards are inclined to be as lenient to Texas cows, as due regard to the health of their own state cattle will admit. He does not think the demand for cattle will be great, and at prices mentioned, can see no great inducement for Texas cattle.

There will be united action among State, Territory and National Sanitary boards to prevent contagious pleuro-pneumonia crossing the Mississippi river. Col. H. M. Taylor and Col. Cunningham are doing all they possibly can to facilitate traffic in Western cattle, and to prevent the spread of bovine disease. They had a lengthy and satisfactory consultation with leading Western railroad and stock yard managers.

SECRETARY FAIRCHILD.

Manning's Successor Takes Charge of the Treasury at Once.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—Mr. Fairchild at once entered upon the discharge of his new duties. He was sworn in at 11 o'clock by a notary public employed in the secretary's office, and took possession of the office and desk formerly occupied by ex-Sec. Manning.

The officers and many of the clerks of the department waited upon him early and extended their congratulations. The crowd became so great that he was compelled to abandon for the time all laes of attending to the current work in looking back. Finally he caused a temporary halt by announcing that he would receive his official friends informally in the afternoon, after he had disposed of his mail.

He received a profusion of flowers and congratulatory letters and telegrams from all parts of the country. The majority of the telegrams were from bankers and businessmen.

Judge Maynard will not qualify as assistant secretary before Monday, as he desires to dispose of some business now pending in the second comptroller's office.

In accepting his new office he will suffer a loss of $2,000 in his salary. He makes the change at the personal solicitations of the President and Sec. Fairchild, with the latter of whom he enjoys the closest personal relation.

SUFFERINGS IN TEXAS.

The Drouth Has Made the State a Wilderness—Awful Death of Cattle.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., March 31.—In many portions of the territory tributary to this city the suffering from drouth is severe. In Atasca county the people have been robbed of the bare necessities. All crops are a failure, and milk and butter are scarce. Lean kine are as common as fat ones once were, and unless it rains soon the people will be brought to starvation.

North and west in Wendles county cattle are dying so fast that their owners cannot skin them, and though in sections further west the mortality is not so great, it is very large. The number of dead and dying cattle can be best appreciated by a comparison of the hide market here. It is always a large one and active, but now it is overstocked and prices are dropping hourly.

The country folks bring in the skins piled high in wagons, and all east-bound freights bring invoices.

There is in many portions of the country absolutely no range and would not be in some weeks, though it should rain to-night. Texas grass is hard to devitalize, but the months of drouth have proved too much for it. There is consequent uneasiness in stock circles.

MORE WASTE OF WIND.

But Some People Would Never Be Happy Without a Fad of Some Kind.

CHICAGO, April 1.—The Anti-Secret Society convention adopted a constitution establishing a permanent organization to be known as the Congress of Churches and Christians, its object to be promoting Bible Christianity and overthrowing secret fraternities.

A resolution was adopted recommending brotherly kindness, church co-operation, exchanging pulpits among pastors, reformatory churches and neighborhood combination against secret orders.

Just before adjourning for the day the convention was run into an extremely heated discussion over a resolution that members of secret societies presenting themselves for admission to Christian churches should be required to abandon their lodge membership as inconsistent with Christianity. The question at issue was in regard to persons already church members, but the resolution as stated was finally carried.

Improving Miss Liberty.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—The light-house board has completed arrangements for increasing and improving the illumination of the Bartholdi statue. A strong lens will be placed in the torch and five additional electric lights will be placed around the base, making thirteen such lights in all; and a number of incondescent lights will be placed in the interior of the statue. The light to be in the torch will be one of the most powerful fixed lights in the world. It is intended more for enhancing the grandeur of the statue than an aid to navigation.

Won't Drill Against Negroes.

JACKSON, Miss., April 5.—Capt. George L. Green, of the Capital Light Guards, which are entered for the Washington drill, has telegraphed the secretary of the National Drill Association asking if negro companies would be allowed to compete. If the reply is in the affirmative the military company here will cancel its engagement, as it is unwilling to drill against negroes.

MR. BLAINE'S TOUR ABROAD.

It Will Extend Beyond the Nominating Convention Date.

NEW YORK, March 31.—In June Mr. Blaine will sail for Europe. All arrangements for the voyage have been perfected Mr. Blaine will remain abroad for a year. He will be abroad when the next Republican national convention is in session. Mr. Blaine's friends say he is indifferent to renomination and has decided to go abroad for so long a time for the purpose of indicating his indifference to his party followers.

He is quoted as expressing himself literally disgusted with the constant pressure that is brought to bear on him to accept the position of an active candidate for the nomination. His friends say that he will neither seek nor avoid the nomination. He is to spend his time abroad in studying labor problems, social phases and international problems. When he comes back he will take the stump for the nominees of his party.

Republicans who are not friendly to Mr. Blaine's renomination, who were told of Mr. Blaine's intention, affected to believe that it was simply a shrewd bid for popular favor. A leading mugwump said: "Blaine wants the nomination, but realizes that if it comes to him of his own seeking it will be even more weak to run on it than in 1884. If he could be abroad and be nominated over Sherman, Allison, Hawley, Lincoln and others, he would be in condition to claim more nearly unanimous support than he had before.

"Besides, the presidge of a foreign trip would be a valuable adjunct to a canvass by his friends for renomination. Although he will be out of the country, his friends feel strong enough to procure him the nomination without great effort. They have already begun the quiet work of setting up state delegations, and will go at it more actively and openly after his departure. I was told some time ago that Mr. Blaine had a great coup in contemplation. This is it."

NO NONSENSE ABOUT VILAS.

He Has No Time to Waste on the Current Civil Service Reform.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—Postmaster Gen. Vilas is a thorn in the side of the civil service commissioners. Most of the Democratic officials, although they don't care a rap for the civil service humbug as they call it, yet pay it a certain outward respect. But Mr. Vilas can be. He hasn't got time to bother with the blamed thing. The Democrats want Democratic postmasters, and they are bound to have him.

When the Democrats came into power two years ago, there was a little over 45,000 fourth-class postoffices in the country. Since then they have been increased to 54,000; a fact, by the way, which marks the development of the country in the most striking and impressive manner. Well, of these 54,000 fourth-class, cross-roads postoffices, 40,000 are now held by Democrats. The remaining 14,000 Republicans are being decapitated as fast as the guillotine will work. A representative, the other day, going into the postmaster-general's office, said to him:

"I want to see about that little postoffice at X——. I have a candidate, an honest fellow, a good Democrat, and I've written an endorsement here for you to file."

The postmaster general reached a bell on the desk before him. Inside of three minutes the blank form of appointment was before him and he was having it filled up with the name of the representative's constituent.

"This is pretty quick work," said the legislator.

"I have devoted ten minutes to it," answered Mr. Vilas. "I had to take somebody's word for the fellow's fitness, so I thought I'd take yours. At this rate, if I did nothing else, I could appoint about 20,000 Democratic fourth-class postmasters a year, and there are 54,000 fourth-class offices." The visitor added the postmaster general cheerfully, "we're going ahead tolerably well. If there is anything a Democratic granges does hate, it is to get the weekly paper from a Republican postmaster. In another year there won't be anything for the Democratic granger to worry about in that respect."

The representative departed, thinking that Mr. Vilas wouldn't be a bad man for the second place on the ticket in 1888.

STATE OF THE CROPS.

Reports are, in the Main, Favorable, Though there are Some Bad Places.

CHICAGO, April 4.—The following is the *Farmers' Review* crop report for this week: The reports from the winter wheat growing states are still of a favorable tenor, the majority of the returns indicating that the fall sown grain is in the full range of condition. The weather continues dry in Missouri and Kansas, and there is great lack of moisture, particularly in the last named state, but as yet the crop has not been seriously injured on this account over any widely distributed area.

In Michigan and Wisconsin large portions of the state are still under snow and in Grand Traverse county of Michigan, the wheat fields are reported to be covered with two feet of snow. Returns from twenty-six counties of Illinois report the winter wheat as looking fair to good, while about 100 counties report it as looking badly. Freezing winds during the week had a bad effect on wheat throughout the entire state. Fifteen Indiana counties make favorable returns, and in two counties, Adams and DeKalb, the situation is described as bad.

The general tenor of the reports from Kansas are more encouraging. The prospect of a fair to good yield is reported in Bourbon, Brown, Clay, Cowley, Davis, Dickenson, Douglas, Elk, Ellsworth, Harper, Montgomery, Norton, Reno, Rush, Pratt and Woodson counties, but complaints of dry weather are made by all correspondents in Mitchell county. The prospect is poor. Favorable reports are made from fourteen Missouri counties and the outlook is described as discouraging in only one—Benton—of those reporting this week. Fourteen Ohio counties make favorable returns, while seven counties—Ashland, Champaign, Van Wert, Medina, Mercer, Van Wert and Wood—describe the crop as looking poorly.

CRUISER AND BATTLESHIP.

Plans for the New Vessels Opened Yesterday.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—At noon to-day plans were opened in the office of the secretary of the navy for an armored cruiser and a powerful battleship, under authority conferred by the act of August 3, 1886. The department agrees to pay $15,000 for the design of each type of vessel which may be selected from the plans submitted.

The general requirements of the department for the armored cruisers are that it shall have a double-bottomed hull of steel, with numerous water-tight compartments at a ram bow, and steel-armored deck covering the machinery; two-thirds full sail power, and a battery composed of four 10-inch guns and six 6-inch rifles and machine guns. The armored battleship is to be substantially like the cruiser in hull, but is to have a heavier battery composed of two 12-inch and six 6-inch guns and a second battery.

Plans were submitted by the following firms and persons:

The Barrow Shipbuilding company, of England, two designs; the Thames Iron Shipbuilding company, of England, two designs and two half models; the Bureau of Construction, Navy department, two designs and a model; A. Grandjean, of France, design for armored cruiser; Lieut. W. I. Chambers, United States navy, design for armored cruiser; Francis T. Norton, of New York, design for armored battleship; Capt. L. N. Towns, of New York, design for cruiser; Naval Constructor Pook, design for armored cruiser.

These designs will be submitted to a board appointed by Sec Whitney to make a selection of the vessels best adapted for the American navy.

SUPREME COURT DECISION

In the Celebrated New York Bank Tax Cases Against the Banks.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 4.—A decision was rendered by the United States Supreme court to-day in the municipal authorities of that city to restrain the collection of taxes assessed upon the shares of the stock of the said bank.

The question raised by the case is whether or not the system of laws enforced in the state of New York are in conflict with section 5219 of the revised statutes of the United States, which requires that the taxation of shares of national banks "shall not be at a greater rate than is assessed upon other moneyed capital in the hands of individual citizens of said state."

This court answers that question in the negative, and affirms the decree of the court below in favor of the state.

Ought to Have Another Term.

NEW YORK, April 4.—In an interview last night, Herr Most said he proposed to be more outspoken in his anarchism than before his imprisonment; that he intends to particularly seek out the hidden vices and scandals among the rich and expose them in order to spur his followers on to deeds of violence.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The steamer Scythia arrived at her dock safely, at 5 o'clock Sunday.

The funeral of Gen. Ripley, who died recently in New York city, was held at Charleston, S. C., yesterday.

The Commercial Cable company has repaired one of its cables, and is now accepting business for all points.

Queen Victoria was enthusiastically received at Cannes yesterday. The French squadron fired a salute.

The Commercial cable company's broken cables have been repaired and business has been resumed.

The coal and coke laborers in the neighborhood of Latrobe, Pa., have all struck for an advance in wages.

Yesterday was Prince Bismarck's 72d birthday. He received a vast number of congratulatory messages.

The glass oil-can manufacturers of the United States met in Pittsburg yesterday, and formed a national association.

It is reported that the Chinese residents of Honolulu have offered a reward of $5,000 for the head of King Kalakaua.

It is stated that if the crimes bill is passed the headquarters of the National league will be removed from Dublin to London.

It is reported that Emperor Francis Joseph will come to England during the queen's jubilee, if political affairs permit of his leaving Austria.

Policeman Michael O'Brien, of Chicago, was shot and fatally wounded last night by a tough named Timothy Grady, whom he was trying to arrest.

Six million four hundred and thirty-nine thousand and nine hogs were killed in the west during the past winter, as against 6,298,986 last year.

During the month of March last, the pension bureau issued 10,313 pension certificates, of which 4,712 were original and 3,684 increased pensions.

Charles M. Reed, of Erie, Pa., has bought of H. G. McDowell, of Lexington, Ky., the bay 2-year-old colt Alma Tadema, by Dictator, dam Elfrida, by Harold, for $4,000.

A collision between two freight trains occurred on the Michigan Central railroad this morning, nine miles from St. Thomas, Ont., by which two brakemen were killed.

At Council Bluffs, Iowa, after a tedious and desperate contest, temporary injunctions were issued and secured to-day on twenty saloons. This is a great victory for Prohibitionists.

Pingree & Smith's shoe factory, Detroit, Mich., the largest in the state, was totally destroyed with contents last night. One fireman was injured fatally. Loss, $200,000.

John Turney, in a match at Chicago with Mark Walsh, also of Chicago, made his 100 horse-shoes last night in one hour, twelve minutes and fifteen seconds, beating the record.

Wm. Dille, who murdered his wife by cutting her throat on January 18 last, at St. Louis, and then attempted his own life in the same way, died in jail to-day and thus cheated the gallows.

The crew of the slaver recently captured by the English gunboat Albacore, were publicly flogged in Matadi, and the slaves were ordered to be set